THE

GRADUATED SERIES

OF

READING-LESSON BOOKS

FOR ALL CLASSES OF ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

IN FIVE BOOKS

BOOK THE SECOND.

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PREFACE.

THE lessons of Book II. of the Graduated Series are arranged in three groups, under the heads of *Miscellaneous*, *Stories of Animals*, and *Adventure*. To these a small collection of simple Ballads has been added.

In this, as in the other books of the series, the grand end aimed at has been to cultivate a taste for reading by presenting to the pupil only that sort of material which he is capable of assimilating in an easy and healthy manner. A glance at the subjects of the pieces in the present volume will show that the Editor has made a diligent endeavour to furnish, in ample variety, some congenial food for those faculties whose ascendancy at the age for which the book is intended the teacher should accept as a fact in mental physiology—a fact not to be ignored or suppressed, but to be taken hold of as a means of culture. Thus, for instance, it will be perceived that the Miscellaneous section is enriched with a due amount of the imaginative element.

The Stories of Animals are preliminary to the Natural History division of the Third Book. They have reference chiefly to domestic animals, but also to a few tropical ones which possess features of rare interest for children.

The lessons given under the head of Adventure cons of one or two graphic sea-sketches, followed by a successi of vivid pictures from "Robinson Crusoe." It is believ and hoped that these last will pave the way for an ear acquaintance with the famous original itself.

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Miscellaneous.

IMAGINATIVE STORIES.

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Pleasant words are as honeycomb, sweet to the soul.
Prov. xvi. 2

Is it at all necessary that knowledge should come
child in the shape of knowledge? . . . Science, it se
has displaced poetry in the walks of little children. I
this sore evil? CHARLES LAM

Now that we have to do with grafting and growing,
do not vex yourselves with thinking what to do with
pippins. RUSKI

MISCELLANEOUS.

PRINCESS FAIRY-TALE.

FAR, far away there is a fine country full of rocky mountains and crystal caves, rich in silvery streams and flowery gardens, where the sun is said never to set. There FANCY has been queen for a long, long time; and she is clothed in youth and beauty. For hundreds of years she has been showering blessings on her people with a free hand; and she is beloved by all.

But the queen has too great and good a heart to rest content with doing good in her own kingdom. Once she came to earth, for she had heard that there were men living there who passed their lives in sadness and toil. She brought them the fairest flowers and fruits her country produced; and ever since, men have been happy in their labor and mild in their gaiety. Her children too, not less beautiful and lovely than their royal mother, she sent forth to gladden the heart of mankind.

Now, it came to pass one day that FAIRY-TALE, the queen's elder daughter, returned from the earth. Her mother noticed that she was sad; yes, she had heard her sighing, and seen the tears trickle down her cheek, in secret.

"What is the matter with you, Fairy-tale?" said the queen; "you have been so sorrowful and downcast since your journey. Come, tell your mother what ails you?"

"Ah! dear mother," replied Fairy-tale, "I should certainly not have been silent so long, only I knew that our troubles were one."

"Tell me all, child," said the beautiful queen; "grief is a heavy burden, you know, which is too much for one, but which two can easily bear between them."

"Then I will tell you, dear mother, as you wish it," answered Fairy-tale. "You know how I love the people of the earth; how glad I am to sit down with the poorest peasant at his cottage-door, to while away an hour with him, when work is over. Well, in former times, they used to greet me kindly, and shake hands with me when I came; and they followed me with smiles of delight when I went away; but now, alas, it is so no more!"

"Poor little Fairy-tale!" said the queen, stroking her cheek, which was moist with a tear; "but perhaps this is only a whim of yours?"

"Oh, no; I feel too sure of it," answered Fairy-tale; "they do not love me any more. I am met with cold looks wherever I go; they are not glad to see me anywhere now."

The queen leant her forehead on her hand, and remained awhile in silent thought. And at last she remarked, "How comes it, Fairy-tale, that the people below are so changed?"

"Men have grown matter-of-fact, as they call it," answered Fairy-tale; "they are just like tailors, always taking the measure of everything that comes from your kingdom. So if any one comes who is not quite to their taste, they begin to make a great noise, and beat him, and drive him away in disgrace. Ah! mother, there is not a spark more of love or hearty simplicity to be found. How

well off my little brothers, the *Dreams*, are; they skip so lightly and merrily down to the earth. They go to the people when asleep, and weave and paint them all sorts of pretty things that gladden the heart and please the eye!"

"Your brothers are light of foot," said the queen; "and, after all, my dear, you have no reason to envy them; because they are not to blame for their good fortune.

"But I see very well, how all this is,—your spiteful aunt has been telling stories of us."

"*Fashion*, do you mean?" cried Fairy-tale. "Surely that is impossible, for she always was so kind to us before!"

"Oh, I know the meddlesome gossip," replied the queen; "but try again, my dear child, in spite of her; one must never be tired of doing good."

"Ah, mother, but if she shuts the door upon me outright, or if she tells naughty stories of me, so that men turn away their heads, and let me stand lonely and forsaken, what am I to do?"

"If the old ones," said the queen, "are fooled over by the painted dame, and despise you, then make up to the young! They are my favorites; to them I send my prettiest pictures by your brothers, the Dreams: yes, I have often floated down to them myself, and kissed and fondled and played romps with them."

"Oh, the dear children!" cried Fairy-tale, with a new hope. "Yes, so it shall be. I will make another trial with *them*."

"Do so, darling child," said the queen. "Go to them. Be sure you please the little ones, and then the old ones won't send you away."

Hauff.

ONE'S OWN CHILDREN ARE ALWAYS PRETTIEST.

A SPORTSMAN went out once into a wood to shoot, and he met a Snipe.

"Dear friend," said the Snipe, "don't shoot my children!"

"How shall I know your children?" asked the Sportsman: "what are they like?"

"Oh!" said the Snipe, "mine are the prettiest children in all the wood."

"Very well," said the Sportsman, "I'll not shoot them; don't be afraid."

But for all that, when he came back, there he had a whole string of young snipes in his hand, which he had shot.

"Oh, oh!" said the Snipe, "why did you shoot my children after all?"

"What! these your children!" said the Sportsman; "why, I shot the ugliest I could find; *that* I did!"

"Woe is me!" said the Snipe; "don't you know that everybody thinks his own children the prettiest?"

Popular Tales from the Norse.

THE CAT ON THE DOVREFELL.*

ONCE on a time there was a man up in Finnmark who had caught a great white bear, which he was going to take to the King of Denmark. Now it so fell out, that he came to the Dovrefell just about Christmas Eve. There he turned into a cottage where a man lived whose name was Halvor. He asked the man if he could get house-room there for his bear and himself.

"May I die of want, if what I say isn't true!" said the

* *Dovrefell* (or—fjeld), a table-land, mountain ridge; 7487 ft.

man; "but we can't give any one house-room just now. Every Christmas Eve such a pack of Trolls come down upon us that we are forced to flit; then, indeed, we haven't so much as a house over our own heads, to say nothing of lending one to any one else."

"Oh," said the man, "if that's all, you can very well lend me your house; my bear can lie under the stove, yonder, and I can sleep in the side room."

Well, he begged so hard, that at last he got leave to stay. So the people of the house flitted out, and, before they went, everything was got ready for the Trolls. The tables were laid, and there was rich porridge, and fish boiled in butter, and sausages, and everything else that was nice, just as for any other feast.

So, when everything was ready, down came the Trolls. Some were big, and some were little; some had long tails, and some had no tails at all; some too had long, long noses; and they ate and drank, and tasted everything. Just then one of the little Trolls caught sight of the White Bear, who lay under the stove; so he took a piece of sausage, and stuck it on a fork, and went and poked it up against the Bear's nose, screaming out, "Pussy, will you have some sausage?"

Then the White Bear rose up and growled, and hunted the whole pack of them out of doors, both great and small.

THE THREE BILLY-GOATS GRUFF.

Once on a time there were three billy-goats, who were to go up to the hill-side to make themselves fat; and the name of all three was "Gruff." On the way up, was a bridge over a burn they had to cross; and there was a Troll, with eyes as big as saucers, and a nose as long as a *poker*. Then came the youngest billy-goat, and trip-trap, *trip-trap*, went the bridge.

"Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the Tr

"Oh, it is only I, the tiniest billy-goat Gruff, and I a going up to the hill-side to make myself fat," said the bil goat, with such a small voice.

"Now I am coming to gobble you up," said the Troll.

"Oh no, pray don't take me; I am too little, that I an said the billy-goat. "Wait a bit, till the second billy-g Gruff comes; he's much bigger." "Well, be off with you said the Troll.

A little while after came the second billy-goat Gruff, a *trip-trap, trip-trap, trip-trap,* went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?" roared the Tr

"*Oh, it's the second billy-goat Gruff, and I am going to the hill-side to make myself fat,*" said the billy-goat, w hadn't such a small voice.

"Now I am coming to gobble you up," said the Troll.

"*Oh no, don't take me: wait a little till the big billy-g Gruff comes; he's much bigger.*" "Well, be off with you said the Troll. But just then up came the big billy-g Gruff, and TRIP-TRAP, TRIP-TRAP, TRIP-TRAP, went t bridge; for the billy-goat was so heavy that the bric groaned under him.

"WHO'S THAT tramping over my bridge?" roared the Tr

"IT'S I, THE BIG BILLY-GOAT GRUFF," said the billy-go who had an ugly hoarse voice of his own.

"Now I am coming to gobble you up," roared the Tr

"*Well, come along,*" the big billy-goat said; and so flew at the Troll, and poked his eyes out with his horns, a crushed him to bits, body and bones, and tossed him into the burn; and after that, he went up to the hill-si There the billy-goats got so fat, they were scarce able walk home again; and if the fat hasn't fallen off them, w they are still fat. *Ibid.*

FRITZ AND CATHERINE.

THERE were once a man and woman named Fritz and Catherine, who were just married. One day Fritz said, "I must now go and work in the field, Catherine, and when I come home to dinner, let me have something nice and hot quite ready for me, and a draught of fresh beer to drink." "So you shall," replied his wife; "all will be right and ready when you come back."

As noon approached, Catherine took the sausage from the larder, put it in the frying-pan with some butter, and placed it over the fire. The sausage began to fry; Catherine stood watching it with the handle of the pan in her hand, looking forward to dinner-time and Fritz's company. It then occurred to her, that while the sausage was getting ready she might go down to the cellar and draw the beer.

She accordingly fixed the pan safely, took a jug, went into the cellar, and turned the tap; but while watching the beer running into the jug she suddenly remembered that the dog was not fastened up, and might steal the sausage out of the pan. Pleased with this happy thought, she rushed back in a flurry; and sure enough, there was the dog with the sausage already in his mouth, and making off with it.

Catherine was not slow to follow, and chased him a long way into the field, but the dog was the quicker of the two, and never loosed his hold of the sausage. "When a thing is gone, it is gone," observed Catherine, turning back. Being breathless, she sauntered slowly, in order to recover and cool herself.

Meanwhile, the beer had continued to run as long as there was any in the cask, for Catherine had not turned off the tap before running up-stairs to look after the sausage;

and when the jug was filled, and there was no more room in it, the beer flooded the cellar.

While yet on the stairs, Catherine discovered this new misfortune. "What is to be done now?" said she, "dear me! dear me!" She thought for a time, and then remembered that in the loft there was a sack of fine Indian corn meal, which had stood there since the last fair. This she thought she would fetch and strew all over the floor of the cellar, to dry up the beer. "It is very true," said she to herself, "that when one is sparing of a thing, it is sure to come of use."

So she went up to the loft, and brought down the sack into the cellar; but, in putting it down, she upset the jug, so farewell to all chance of Fritz's draught of beer. "Quite right, however," said Catherine, "where one is, the other ought to be content to go." Then strewing the meal over the cellar, she felt quite proud of her work; all looked so charmingly clean and white.

At noon home came Fritz, saying cheerfully, "Now, good wife, what have you got for dinner?" "Ah, Fritz," said she, "I cooked you a sausage, but while I drew the beer, the dog ran away with it; and while I chased the dog, the beer ran out; and when I was drying up the beer with the corn meal, I knocked the jug over. But don't be angry, the cellar is quite dry again." "Oh, Catherine, Catherine!" said Fritz, "a nice housewife you are indeed! and a nice mess you've made of it." "Oh, Fritz!" she replied, "how was I to know? you should have told me better."

"As the wind blows that way," muttered Fritz to himself, "you must look after things yourself, my man."

Home Stories.

THE CROWS AND THE WINDMILL.

It seems there was once a windmill which went round and round, day after day. It did harm to nobody. It never knocked anybody down, unless he got under it, within reach of its great arms. What if it did use the air! surely there was no harm in that. It was just as good for breathing after it had turned the mill as before.

But there was a flock of crows in the neighbourhood that took quite a dislike to the innocent mill. They said there must be some mischief about it. They did not at all like the swinging of those long arms for a whole day at a time.

It was thought best to call a meeting of all the crows in the country, far and near, to see if some plan could not be hit upon by which the dangerous thing could be got rid of.

Well, the meeting was called, and held in a corn-field.

Such a cawing and chattering was never heard before in that neighbourhood, I'll be bound. They say they appointed a chairman, or rather, a chair-*crow*.

As is usual in public meetings, there were a good many different opinions as to the question—what was best to be done with the windmill. Most of the crows thought it was a dangerous thing—a *very* dangerous thing, indeed; but, as to the best mode of getting rid of it, that was not so easy a matter to make out.

There were some crows at the meeting who were for active measures. They proposed going right over to the windmill — all the crows in a body—and destroying the thing on the spot.

In justice to the crow family in general, however, it ought to be stated that those who talked about this warlike plan were rather young. Their feathers had not grown to quite

their full length, and they had not seen so much of the world as their fathers had.

After there had been a good deal of grand talking and blustering, one old crow said he had a question to ask. He would beg leave to inquire, through the chairman, whether the windmill had ever been known to go away from the place where it was then standing, and to chase crows about with murderous intent?

It was answered that such conduct on the part of the giant had never been heard of.

"How, then," the speaker wished to know, "was it likely to kill any of them?"

The answer was, "By their venturing too near the mill."

"And that is the *only* way that any of us are likely to get killed by the windmill?" pursued the venerable crow.

"Yes," the chairman said; "that is the way, I believe."

And the crows generally nodded their heads, as much as to say,

"Certainly, of course."

"Well, then," said the speaker, "*let's keep out of harm's way.* That's all I've got to say."

Amusing Tales.

THE LUCKY COCKSCOMB.

There once lived in a farm-yard, an old cock, whose name was Crowell, together with his wife, a venerable hen, named Peckall. Of their numerous family, nearly all of which had been successively eaten by their master and mistress only two chickens now remained. Both were lively young blades, bold, vain, and quarrelsome; they would peck each other a hundred times a day.

Now, there happened to live in the same farm-yard a

red-haired dog, called Cæsar, who was so good-natured that he never hurt any of the fowls; nay, he would often leave them tit-bits out of his own platter, so they all loved him dearly.

One morning Cockscomb was taking an airing by himself, in the large garden behind the house. He strutted on till he came to a dung-hill, that he knew lay at the farther end of the garden, close to some wooden palings. When he reached the top of this delightful mound, he felt proud indeed, as he crowed aloud, and overlooked the wide fields.

While he was busy scratching about and crowing, he perceived Master Reynard lying in wait behind the palings, and stirring neither of his four paws, but gazing intently at the water. Now, Cockscomb had often heard of a wicked robber of chickens, though he had never seen one. Besides, the fox being red-haired, and not unlike a dog, Cockscomb cried out, "I say, you there! are you not a brother of our Cæsar?"

The fox, who had been keeping his eye on the dainty young chicken up above, remained quite still, as if he had heard nothing.

"I say, you there! are you not a brother of our Cæsar?" sung out the young chick again, in a still louder voice.

"Why, as I'm alive, there's my darling Cockscomb's own little self!" exclaimed the cunning fox, now raising his head for the first time. "How glad am I to meet with you at last, you sweet little fellow! Yes, sure enough I am Cæsar's brother, and many 's the time he has told me all about you and your brother, and how prettily both of you can crow. You can't think how delighted I should be to hear you, only I have a cold just now, which makes me rather dull of hearing. But I should be pleased if you would fly over the palings, and crow close to my ear."

"I can't come," said Cockscomb, coyly; for his vanity was very much tickled by the fox's flattery.

"What a pity!" quoth Master Reynard, "for I wanted to beg another favor of you. My doctor has advised me to apply earth-worms to my ears to cure my deafness, and I came here to grub some, only I can't well pick them up. I wish I had your bill."

"Earth-worms!" cried Cockscomb, eagerly; "are there really good fat ones down there?"

"I should think there were!" answered the fox; "why, my chick, there are lots of them, as fat as eels, crawling about by the water's edge. I never in my life saw so many together."

When Cockscomb heard this, he could hold out no longer; he raised his wings to fly over the palings down to the fox, for he thought fat earth-worms the daintiest fare in the world. But his efforts were in vain; for it was but the day before that Cooky had clipped his wings, to keep him from flying about everywhere.

He told his grief to the fox. Reynard was beginning to explain how he might manage some other way, when a huntsman's horn was heard. Master Reynard quickly took himself off; and so Cockscomb just escaped a death which his vanity and greed were quickly preparing for him.

Amusing Tales.

HOW BRUIN THE BEAR SPED WITH REYNARD THE FOX.

One morning, away went Bruin the bear in quest of Reynard the fox. Passing through a dark forest where Reynard had a bye-path, to be used when he was hunted,

he crossed a high mountain, which led to his friend's country-seat. Now Reynard had many houses, but this was his chief and most ancient castle, and he lived in it both for safety and ease.

When Bruin arrived, he found the gates shut. Then he knocked and called aloud, "Sir Reynard, are you at home? I am Bruin, your kinsman, whom king Lion hath sent to summon you to court, to answer many grave charges brought against you. His Highness has taken a vow, that if you fail to obey his summons, your life shall answer for your contempt; therefore, kinsman, be advised by your friend, and go with me to court."

Now, Reynard, as was his custom, was lying just inside the gate, for the sake of the sun. Hearing these words, he departed into one of his holes; for his castle is full of curious and secret rooms, through which to escape on the approach of danger. There he mused within himself how he might trick and disgrace the bear, who, he knew, loved him not. At last he came forth, and said, "Dear uncle Bruin, you are exceedingly welcome; pardon my slowness in coming. He that hath sent you this long and weary journey hath done you no good service: your toil and pains far exceed the worth of the object. If you had not come, I should have been at court to-morrow of my own accord. Yet I am not sorry you have come, for at this time your advice may be useful to me. I wish for your sake we were already at court, for I fear I shall be troublesome to you on the journey: since fowls have become scarce, I have taken such strange food that I feel sadly out of sorts."

"My dear cousin," said the bear, "what food is this which so much disagrees with you?" "Uncle," replied the fox, "what good will it do you to know? It was mean and simple food. We poor fellows are not lords, as you

are aware; we eat that from necessity which others eat from choice:—it was honeycomb, large and rich, and good enough, perhaps, to those who like it. Forced by hunger, I ate of it greedily."

"Ah," quoth Bruin, "honeycomb! Do you speak so slightingly of that? Why, it is food for the greatest emperor in the world. Fair nephew, help me to some of that honey, and I will be your slave for ever." "Surely, uncle," said the fox, "you do but jest with me." "I do not jest," replied Bruin, "for I am in serious earnest, that for one lick thereof you shall make me the most faithful of your kindred." "Nay," said the fox, "if you be in earnest I will show you where there is so much that ten of you shall not be able to devour it." "Not ten of us?" said the bear; "that is impossible; for if I had all the honey in the world, I could in a short time eat it up myself."

"Well then, uncle," quoth the fox, "there dwells near here a countryman named Lanfert, who is the owner of so much honey that you could not eat it in seven years; and this I will put you in possession of."

This promise pleased the bear so well, and made him so merry, that he could not contain himself for joy.

"Well," thought the fox, "this is lucky; I will take care to lead him where he shall dance to another tune." Then said he to Bruin, "Uncle, we must lose no time, and I will do for your sake what I would not do for any other of my kindred." The bear warmly thanked him; and away they went; and at last they reached Lanfert's house.

Now Lanfert was a stout carpenter, and he had brought into his yard, the day before, a large oak, which he had begun to cleave; he had driven two wedges into it, so that the cleft stood wide open. At this the fox was very glad, and with a smiling face he said to the bear, "Behold this

tree, there is so much honey within, that it cannot be measured; try if you can get it. Be careful of yourself, and eat sparingly; for although the combs are good and sweet, yet too much is dangerous."

"No fear of that," said the bear; "I am not such a fool as not to be able to control my appetite." With that he thrust his head into the cleft quite beyond his ears. When the fox saw this, he pulled the wedges out of the tree, so that he locked the bear fast therein. What with his scratching and tearing, roaring and howling, Bruin made such a hubbub that Lanfert, wondering what it could be, came out of his house with a sharp hook in his hand.

The fox seeing the man, scampered off to a safe distance, and shouted mockingly to the bear, "Is the honey good, uncle? I advise you not to gorge yourself. One may have too much of a good thing, you know. However, when Lanfert comes he will give you some drink to wash it down." Having said this, Reynard trotted off to his own castle.

The news being quickly spread over the town, there was no man, woman, or child, but ran to the place; some with pitchforks, some with staves, and others with clubs; in short, with whatever they could lay hands on. Hearing the noise come thundering about him, Bruin dragged and pulled so hard, that he got out his head, but left behind him his ears and skin, so that a more wretched beast was never seen.

While in this sad plight, Lanfert and all the parish fell upon him and cudgelled him without mercy. At last he escaped, and leaping into a river hard by, swam away. Fatigued and starved, he made his way back to the Lion's court, bitterly reviling the honey tree, and the fox that had betrayed him.

From the German.

THE UGLY LITTLE DUCK.

One fine summer's day in the country, a duck was sitting in her nest hatching her eggs; but of this important task she was almost tired, for scarcely a friend had paid her a visit. The other ducks were all swimming about in the pond, minding their own business, and did not want to gossip.

At last, one egg cracked, then a second, then a third, and so on. "Piep! piep!" went one, "Piep! piep!" went another, until a dozen had cracked, and the little, downy brood popped their heads out of their narrow, brittle dwelling, as out of a window. "Quack! quack!" said the mother, as the little ducklings bustled out as fast as they could, looking about them in great wonder. "How big the world is!" said the little ones.

"Do you think that this is the whole world?" said the mother; "oh, no; it stretches far away beyond the garden. But are you all here?" continued she, with true motherly care. "No, they are not all hatched yet," added she; "the biggest egg lies there still! How long will this last? I begin really to be quite tired."

However, she sat down on the nest again.

"Well! how are you to-day!" quacked a fussy ol duck, who came to pay her respects. "Oh there is n end to hatching this one egg," grumbled the mother "the shell must be too hard for the duckling to brea But now you shall see the others. There is my pr little family!"

"Show me the egg that will not break," chimed in old duck; "it's a turkey's egg, I'll be bound. The sa

thing happened to me once, and I had a precious trouble with it, let me tell you. Yes, I am quite right, it is a turkey's egg! So, get off your nest, and mind the others, as soon as you like."

"I shall sit a little longer," said the mother.

"Oh! very well! that's none of my business," said the old duck, rising to leave; "but take my word for it, the changeling* will be a fine trouble to you."

At last the great egg cracked. "Piep! piep!" cried the little terrified new comer, as he broke through the shell. Oh! how big, and how ugly he was! The mother scarcely dared to look at him; she knew not what to think of him. At last she exclaimed, in a puzzled tone, "This is certainly a curious young drake. It may turn out to be a turkey, but we shall give him a fair trial. Into the water he must go, even should I be obliged to push him in."

The next day was very beautiful, and the sun shone delightfully on the green fields. The mother duck left home, her whole family waddling about her. Splash! she went into the water. "Quack! quack!" she exclaimed, and one duck after the other followed her example; not one remained behind: even the ugly grey last-born swam merrily about with the rest.

"He is no turkey after all, and will not disgrace my family," said the old duck. "Really if one examines him closely he is good-looking enough after all. Quack, quack! now come all with me, and I will show you the world, and introduce you to the farm yard."

They soon reached the yard, but the other ducks viewed them with a sneering air, saying, "Here comes another brood; as if we were not plenty enough already. But see, what a fright that duckling is; he is not to be

* *Changeling*, the production of a strange bird, or other creature.

suffered among us." At these words an impudent drake bit the poor duckling in the neck.

"Leave him alone," exclaimed his mother; "he doesn't harm any one."

"Perhaps not," replied the offending drake, "but he is much too big for his age, and a beating will do him good."

The mother smoothed his ruffled feathers, but the poor ugly-looking duckling was pecked at, pushed, and made fun of by both ducks and chickens. So the poor thing, knowing not where to stand or where to go, was quite cast down.

THE UGLY DUCKLING FORSAKES HIS HOME.

Thus the first day passed; but every succeeding one was more and more full of trouble and annoyance. The duckling was hunted by all like a wild animal; even his brothers and sisters behaved very badly to him; the hens pecked him, and the girl who fed the fowls pushed him roughly away.

Then he ran and flew over the palings, and away across the fields, until he at last alighted on a hedge. The little singing birds in the bushes flew away in dismay: "That is because I am so ugly," thought the young duck, shutting his eyes. Nevertheless he continued his flight onwards till he reached a large marsh, where wild ducks flocked together. There he remained the whole night, sorrowful and tired to death. Early in the morning the wild ducks noticed their new comrade:

"You are ugly enough, certainly," said they; "but that is no matter, if you do not marry into our family."

The poor outcast was safe enough on that score: he only wanted to be let alone; that was all.

Bang, bang," sounded at this moment over them, and the spokesman lay dead on the water. "Bang, bang," it

went again, and whole flocks of wild geese rose out of the reeds. The sportsman beat about the marsh on all sides, and the dog dashed through the thick reeds.

It was a terrible fright for the poor ugly duckling when the fearful dog opened his jaws and showed his teeth; but, splash, splash, he darted off, without troubling himself about the little duck, who sighed, "I am so ugly that even the dog won't touch me!" It was late in the afternoon before the noise was over, and only then the poor duckling dared to come out of his hiding-place; and you may be sure he made off from the terrible marsh as fast as he could.

Towards evening our runaway reached a poor peasant's hut, the rotten door of which had dropped from its hinges, so that a very welcome chink was left, through which he could slip into the room.

An old woman with her cat and hen were the only inhabitants; and they next morning discovered their strange unbidden guest.

"What is that?" said the dame, who, not seeing well, took the poor lean bird for a fat duck who had mistaken his way in the dark. "Here is, indeed, a piece of good luck!" exclaimed she, overjoyed. "Now I can have a nice duck's egg for my breakfast. But," added she, "perhaps it is a drake, after all! However, we shall see that in good time." Well, there the youngster remained three weeks; but without laying any eggs.

At last, one morning, after a sleepless night, he felt himself seized with a longing to swim once more in the clear water. He could bear it no longer, and he spoke his wish to the hen.

"A mighty pleasure, truly!" scolded she. "You are certainly crazy; ask the cat, who is wiser than I, if he likes swimming on the water?"

"You do not understand me!" sighed the duck.

"Not understand you, indeed! if *we* don't, *who* should, you ugly yellow beak!" exclaimed Madam Hen.

"I am determined I will wander out into the world," said the little drake, taking courage.

"That you certainly should," answered the hen, uncivilly. And the poor duckling set off again on his travels; but no sooner did any animal see him, than he was sure to be twitted with his ugliness.

THE RUNAWAY AT LAST FALLS ON HIS FEET.

Autumn was now approaching; the leaves in the wood became yellow and brown; and, driven by the wind, danced about in mournful eddies. The weather was bleak and raw; and on the hedge sat the crow, and cried "Caw, caw," from sheer cold and want. The poor forsaken duckling was even worse off than he.

Then winter came on apace. In fact, it was so piercingly cold, that our duckling was forced to keep swimming about in the water for fear of being frozen. But every night the ring in which he swam became smaller and smaller; the top of the ice kept growing thicker and thicker. At last, he became so weary, that he was forced to remain fast frozen in the ice.

Early in the morning a peasant passed by; and seeing the unhappy bird, ventured on the ice, which he broke with his wooden shoe. He saved the half-dead creature, and carried him home to a warm fireside, where he quickly recovered. The children wished to play with him, but the young duckling, thinking they were bent on mischief, flew in his terror into an earthen milk-can, and splashed the milk all over the room.

The housewife shrieked and wrung her hands, so that the poor bird became more and more stupid, and flew into the churn, and thence into the meal barrel. The hous

wife tried to hit him with the tongs, while the children tumbled over one another in their haste to catch him.

Happily for our duckling, the door stood open, and he escaped into the open air, and flying with difficulty to the nearest bushes, he sank down on the snow, where he lay quite done up. It would, indeed, be very mournful to tell all the miseries that the poor duckling went through until the sun again shone warmly on the earth, and the larks once more welcomed spring with their songs.

Then the young duckling raised his wings, which were much stronger than before, and carried him far away to a lake in a large garden, where the apple trees were in full bloom. And now there came, from out of the thicket, three noble white swans, who began to swim lightly on the water. The ugly duckling, on seeing the stately birds, said to himself, "I will fly towards these royal birds. They may kill me for my impudence in daring to go near them—I, who am so ugly. But it matters not; better is it to be killed by them than to be bitten by the ducks, pecked at by the hens, and chased about by the children." With these thoughts he flew into the middle of the water, and swam towards the three beautiful swans, who, noticing the little stranger, came to welcome him.

"Oh, just kill me outright," said the poor bird, bending its head towards the water. When lo! it saw its own image in the clear surface, and instead of an ugly dark-green *duckling*, it beheld in itself a stately *swan*.

It matters little being born in a duck yard, provided one is hatched from a swan's egg! He now blessed his former trials, which had taught him to value the delights that surrounded him. Meanwhile the larger swans gathered about him, and stroked him lovingly with their beaks.

Just then two little children came into the garden and

ran towards the canal. They threw corn and bread down to the swans.

"Oh! there is a new one," exclaimed the youngest child, and both clapped their hands for joy. Then they ran away to call their parents. So more bread and cake were thrown into the water, and all said, "The new one is the most beautiful—so young and so graceful!" and, indeed, the old swans themselves seemed proud of their new companion.

Then the once ugly bird felt quite shy and abashed, and put his head under his wing; for, though his heart was bursting for joy, still he was none the prouder. A good heart is never proud.

H. Andersen.

ROBIN HOOD.

Robin Hood was born in the reign of King Henry the Second, at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham. Robin, at the age of fifteen, was the best archer in the whole country side, and the best at all games of skill and trials of strength. But he was a very wild young fellow, and cared little what he did or what he spent. Almost before he was a man he had spent all his money. So many were the pranks he played, and so great were his debts, that he was at last declared an outlaw.*

He then went and lived in the woods, and killed the king's deer for food. Some other young men, who were wild like himself, went with him; and in a few years there were about one hundred of them, with Robin for their captain. The fame of their deeds spread far and near, and

* *Outlaw*, one who has disobeyed the laws, but continues at large.

they were known everywhere as Robin Hood and his merry men.

One of the chief of them was John Little, whom Robin one day met on a narrow bridge. Now as neither would allow the other to pass peaceably, they fought with sticks until they were tired. At last Little John knocked Robin over into the water, and he had to swim ashore. They both admired each other's courage and skill so much, that they became friends, and were scarcely ever parted afterwards. John Little was nearly seven feet high, so the companions of Robin called him Little John for fun, and he went by that name ever after. This was just the way with Robin, when he found any one was as strong, as brave, and as skilful as himself: instead of continuing the fight, he made a bargain to be friends, and it was much better than fighting until one of them was killed.

Although he was a robber, he was a good-hearted man, and would never allow a woman to be injured. One story goes, that once when he sent his men as usual to watch for passers-by, they saw a knight* on horseback riding along sad and weary. They invited him to dine with their master. Robin treated him very kindly, made him eat and drink of the best, and tried to cheer him up. At last he asked what made him so uneasy. The knight said that an abbot had lent him four hundred pounds upon his house and land for a year; that it must be paid again next day or the house and land would be the abbot's, and he, his wife, and children beggars; that he had been to foreign countries to seek for aid to pay it, and could get none, and was riding home with only ten shillings in his pocket. Robin so pitied him, that he not only gave him enough money to buy back his land, but a handsome horse besides, and a great deal of

* *Knight*, one who had the right to possess property, bear arms, &c.

fine stuff for dresses for himself and his family. So the knight went away happy and full of gratitude.

KING RICHARD AND THE FOREST KING.

On his return from the wars, King Richard the First said he would go himself and see if he could overcome this famous Robin Hood; but, liking adventures, he went in disguise.* When Robin met them, he did not know who they were, so he seized the king's horse by the bridle, and said he had a spite against all such who lived in pomp and pride, and, therefore, he must away with him into the wood. But Richard answered that they were messengers, whom the king, who was not far off, had sent to seek for Robin. Then Robin said he loved the king, and would do anything for him, and as they were the king's messengers they should be well treated. Then he took them into the wood, and, blowing his horn, a hundred and ten of his men came and knelt down before Richard. This made the king wonder, and say to his followers, that it was a finer sight than could be seen at court.

Robin then told his men to show their skill in the sports of the forest, for the amusement of the king's messengers, and to do it as if it were to please the king himself. They did so many clever tricks, and so many brave things, that the king declared such men could not be found elsewhere. Robin then set his visitors down to a splendid feast of venison†, fowls, and fish, with plenty of ale and wine, and they were all very merry together.

Then Robin took a tankard of wine and said they must all drink the health of the king. When they had done so—Richard himself among the rest—Robin's men all cheered so loudly that even he was astonished. So Richard said to

* *Disguise*, that is, in a dress which concealed his real rank.

† *Venison* (pron. ven-zun), the flesh of deer.

Robin that they all seemed very fond of the king, and would be fine fellows to serve his majesty if they could but get a pardon. Robin replied that they would serve him truly, for there was no man they loved so much. So Richard threw off his disguise, and Robin and his men knelt down before him and asked for pardon. The king said they should be pardoned all they had done, if Robin would leave the forest and go and live with him at court.

Well, Robin went and lived with the king for a year; but he grew weary of the court and pined for his merry greenwood and his merry companions; so he begged of the king to let him go back, and the king let him go. Back he went accordingly, and lived the same life he did before until he was an old man.

One day, being unwell, he said to his old friend Little John, "We have shot many a pound, but I am not able to shoot one shot more—my arrows will not flee." He said that he felt so ill that he must go to his cousin, at Kirkley Hall, for her to bleed him. Now, Robin's cousin was not a good woman, yet when he arrived at the Hall she pretended to be very kind, and begged him to drink some wine. But Robin said that he would neither eat nor drink until she bled him; so she led him to a private room, and when she had bled him, she left him in the room and let him alone. Now this was a very wicked thing to do.

About the middle of the next day, poor Robin, finding that no one came near him, knew that all was not right, so he thought he might escape by the window, but he was so weak and ill that he could not jump down. He then thought of his horn, so he blew three blasts, and although they were very weak, still they were strong enough to be heard by his constant and kind friend Little John, who soon broke the locks open and was quickly at

master's side. "Oh, master, grant me a boon!" said Little John. "What is the boon?" said Robin. "That I may burn this fair Kirkley Hall for the injury that has been done to you, my kind master," said Little John. Then Robin answered, "No; I have never injured a woman in my life, nor man in woman's company, and I will not do so now." This was right of Robin, who, although he had been an outlaw, knew how to return good for evil.

Feeling himself dying, he asked for his bow and arrows, and begged Little John to prop him up that he might shoot one arrow more before he died. When he had shot it through the window, he said they were to bury him where it fell; that they were to lay a green sod under his head, and another under his feet; that his bow and arrows should be laid by his side, and that his grave was to be made of "gravel and green," that the people might say, "Here lies bold Robin Hood." All this was readily promised, which pleased him very much, and there they buried bold Robin Hood, near to the fair Kirkleys.

LITTLE GOODY TWO-SHOES.

I AM going to tell you the history of a very good and useful little girl, named Margery Meanwell. But as she was better known by the name of Goody Two-shoes, I shall call her by that name; and I will tell you directly how it was that little Margery Meanwell came to be called by such a funny name.

Farmer Meanwell, the father of little Margery and of her brother Tommy, was for many years a rich man. He had a large farm, and good wheat fields, and flocks of sheep, and plenty of money. But his good fortune forsook him, and *he became poor,* and was obliged to get people to lend him

money to be able to pay the rent of his house and the wages of the servants who worked on his farm.

Things went on worse and worse with the poor farmer; when the time came at which he should pay back the money lent him, he was not able to do so. He was soon obliged to sell his farm; but this did not bring him money enough, so he found himself in a worse plight than ever.

He went into another village, and took his wife and two little children with him. But though he was thus safe from Gripe and Graspall, the trouble and care he had to bear were too much for the ruined man. He fell ill, and worried himself so much about his wife and children, whom he was unable to supply with food and clothing, that he grew worse and worse, and died in a few days. His wife could not bear the loss of her husband, whom she loved very much. She fell sick too, and in three days she was dead.

So Margery and Tommy were left alone in the world, without either father or mother to love them or take care of them. The parents were buried in one grave; and when the funeral was over there seemed to be no one but the Father of the orphans, who dwells beyond the sky, to pity and take care of the desolate homeless children who were left alone in the wide world.

But though you would have pitied their sorrow, it would have done your heart good to have seen how fond these two little ones were of each other, and how, hand-in-hand, they toddled about. The poorer they became the more they seemed to love one another. Poor enough they were, and ragged and forlorn. Tommy, indeed, had two shoes, but Margery had but one. They wandered about houseless and hungry. They had nothing to eat or drink but the berries they picked from the hedges, or the scraps they got

from the poor people; and when night came they crept into a barn to sleep.

Now Mr. Smith, the clergyman of the village in which the children were born, was a kind, good man. He was not rich himself, and could not give them money; so he set his wits to work to make some plan to help poor Farmer Meanwell's orphans; and this is how he managed to help them:—

The clergyman had a relation staying with him—a kind, charitable man. Mr. Smith told this relation all about Tommy and Margery, and the kind gentleman pitied the children, and sent for them to come and see him. He ordered little Margery a new pair of shoes, and gave Mr. Smith some money to buy her clothes, which indeed she wanted sadly. As for Tommy, he said he would take him and make a little sailor of him; and to begin with, he had a jacket and trowsers made for him.

After some days the gentleman said he had to go to London, and would take Tommy with him; so he and Margery must say "Good-bye" to each other.

The parting between the two children was a very sad one. Tommy cried, and Margery cried, and they kissed each other over and over again. At last Tommy wiped off the tears with the cuff of his jacket, and bade her cry no more, for he would come back to her when he returned from sea. Poor Margery was very sorry indeed to lose her brother; and when night came she was so sad and sorrowful that she went crying to bed.

The next day little Margery was still mourning for her brother, and going crying through the village as if in search of him, when the shoemaker came with the new shoes the kind gentleman had ordered to be made for her. Nothing could have supported little Margery under the sorrow she was in, but the pleasure she took in her new shoes. She

ran out to Mrs. Smith as soon as they were put on, and smoothing down her frock, cried out, "Two shoes, ma'am, two shoes!" These words she repeated to all the people she met; and thus it was she got the name of "Goody Two-shoes," or "Little Goody Two-shoes," or, as some of her playmates called her, "Old Goody Two-shoes."

HOW LITTLE MARGERY BECAME THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Now little Margery wanted above all things to learn to read. So she would stop the children as they came home from school, and borrow their books to learn from until they went back again. While the village children played at leapfrog, and ball, and puss in the corner, little Two-shoes sat, like a busy little puss in a corner, with a book reading. By this means she soon got more learning than her playmates; and as she wished that others should benefit by her knowledge, she laid the following plan for teaching those who did not know so much as herself.

She found that only twenty-six letters were required to spell all the words she could think of; but as some of these letters were large and some small, she cut out with her knife from thin pieces of wood ten sets of each.

She next got an old spelling book, and made her playmates set up all the words they wanted to spell, and after that she taught them to put sentences together, such as—"Come to me." "I see you." "You are a good boy," and many others.

The usual manner of spelling, or carrying on the game, was this:—Suppose the word to be spelt was "Plum-Pudding" (and I am sure that is a very good word), the children were placed in a circle round Goody Two-shoes, and the first brought the first letter in Plum-Pudding,

namely P, the next L, the next U, the next M, and so on till the whole word was spelt.

By and by Margery Meanwell became the schoolmistress, and a capital one she was. All her little scholars loved her; for she was never weary of laying plans for their improvement and pleasure. The room in which she taught was large and lofty, with plenty of fresh air in it; and as she knew that nature intended children to be always moving about, she placed her different sets of letters all round the school, so that every one was obliged to get up to fetch a letter or to spell a word when it came to their turn. This not only kept the children in health, but fixed the letters firmly in their minds.

The school had been in a very ruinous state, but it was now rebuilt, and everything in it was bright and nice.

Some time after this a poor lamb had lost its dam, and the farmer being about to kill it, she bought it of him, and brought it home with her to play with the children.

Again, a present was made to Miss Margery of a little dog. He was always in good temper, as little children ought to be; and always jumping about, as they like to be; and therefore they called him "Jumper." It was Jumper's duty to watch the door, and he stood there boldly, and would let nobody go out or any one come in without leave from his mistress.

Billy, the pet lamb, became a cheerful fellow too, and all the children were fond of him; wherefore Mrs. Two-shoes made it a rule that those who behaved best should have Will home with them at night to carry their satchel of books on his back, and bring it back to school in the morning.

A happy school was Miss Margery's, I assure you.

Goldsmith (?).

LITTLE HAL.

HAL was a brisk boy of just six years of age. He was very fond of animals. In fact, he had all but made up his mind that, as soon as he had a long-tailed coat, he would own a menagerie.* Pigs, geese, hens, ducks, cows, oxen—nothing came amiss to him.

One day as he sat on the door-step, the old cock, followed by his hens, marched in a procession past the door. There was the speckled hen, black and white, with red eyes, looking like a widow in half mourning; there was the white one, that would have been pretty, hadn't she such a turn for fighting, by which she lost her best feathers; there was the black one, that contested her claims with the white hen to a kernel of corn, and a place in the procession next the cock. Hal watched them all; and then it struck him, all of a sudden, that he had never seen a hen swim. He had seen ducks do it, and swans, and geese, but he never remembered to have seen a hen swim. What was the reason? Didn't they know how? or wouldn't they do it?

Hal was resolved to get at the bottom of that difficulty without delay; so he jumped up, and chased one round, till he fell down and tore his trousers, and the hen flew up into a tree.

At last he secured the brown one; and, hiding her under his jacket, he started for the river, about a quarter of a mile off. He told the hen, going along, that if she didn't know how to swim, it was high time she did; and that he was going to try her, anyhow. The hen cocked up her eye, but said nothing, though she had her thoughts.

The fact was, she never had been in the habit of going out of the barnyard without asking leave of the cock, who was a regular old "Blue Beard;" and she knew very well

* *Menagerie*, a collection of animals.

that he wouldn't scratch her up another worm for a good twelvemonth, for being absent without leave. So she dug her claws into Hal's side every now and then, and tried to peck him with her bill; but Hal told her it was of no use, for go into the river she should.

Well, he got to the river at last, and stood proudly on a little bank just over it. He took a good grip of his hen, and then lifted up his arm to give her a nice toss into the water.

He told her that now she was to consider herself a duck instead of a hen; and, giving a toss, over he went himself splash into the water. The question now was whether *he* could swim. He floundered round and round, and screeched like a little turkey-cock. At last his brother came along and fished him out.

Hal prefers now to try his experiments on his father's door-step. As to the hen, she didn't dare to show her wet feathers to her lordly old husband; so she smuggled herself into neighbour Jones' barnyard, and, for the future, laid her eggs there for the sake of her board. *Little Ferns.*

THE MARCH WIND.

Was there ever anything half so naughty as the March wind? It comes upon you all at once; whistles in your ears; blows off your hat; turns your umbrella inside out; and is off round the corner before you can make out what is the matter.

One day a March wind came all in a hurry; blowing, blustering, squalling, by fits and starts, as though it were mad. Where it came from none could tell. Though no one saw it, a great many heard it and felt it, and a pretty commotion it made, I can tell you

It entered at one end of the street where the market was *held, and, oh me!* what a hubbub there was before it went

out at the other. Like a brave man, it carried all before it. Hats, bonnets, and shawls flew in different directions. Bang went the doors; crash went the casements that were open; old women squalled; down fell the stalls; the glass jingled; the apples and onions, gimcracks and gingerbread nuts, chestnuts, and children were all mixed together on the pavement.

Lower down the confusion was still greater; the sheep pens were scattered; the sheep ran about the streets; the turkeys gobbled; the geese chattered; the fowls flapped their wings and tried to get loose; the farmers stormed; the butchers bellowed; the pigs squealed; the dogs barked; and away went the March wind!

Megg Muggins had a basket of eggs on her head. She was determined to have a shilling a score for them; but the March wind whisked her round, and puffed the basket off her head. Megg, where are your eggs now? Past all picking up! A sailor passed by at the time. "Cheer up, my hearty!" cried he, "worse misfortunes happen at sea." Megg, in an ill humor, picked up her empty basket; and away went the March wind!

The thatch of John Tomlin's cottage looked rueful, for part of it was carried into the garden. The tabby cat had been watching for a mouse by the water-butt for half an hour: the mouse crept out, and the cat, with her head on her fore paws, was just going to make a spring, when the March wind puffed off a tile from the roof of the brewhouse. Down it came clattering upon the water-butt; the cat scampered off, the mouse crept under the tub again, and away went the March wind!

The clothes-lines in the garden of Squire Gough were hung with linen; the wind came blustering like a tempest, the lines broke, and the clothes flew into the air. A pocket-handkerchief mounted over the trees into the

turnpike road, and was picked up by a poor traveller who wanted one. "It's an ill wind," said the poor man, "that blows nobody good;" so he put the handkerchief into his pocket, continued his journey, and away went the March wind!

At the village school the boys had just said their last lesson, and the young rogues came tumbling out through the school-room door, some with their hoops, some with their kites, and some tossing their hats into the air. The wind came upon them with a shrill whistle. The kites broke loose, their tails were tangled, the string twined round boys' legs; the hats flew about, one into a pigsty, another into a pond; the hoops trundled along of themselves; the boys set up a shout, and away went the March wind!

Gaffer Greenwood.

CRAZY TIM.

WHAT in the world is that?—A poor old man, almost bent double, drawing a little wooden horse upon the pavement, and laughing and talking to it as if he were seven years old instead of seventy! How white his hair is; and see! his hat is without a crown, and one of the flaps of his coat is torn off.

Now one of the boys has pelted him with a stone, that has brought the blood to his wrinkled cheek; while all the rest surround him shouting, "Old crazy Uncle Tim!"—"Old crazy Uncle Tim!" Come here, boys, won't you? and let poor Uncle Tim go home, while I tell you his story.

Uncle Tim used to be the village shoemaker, hammering away at his lap-stone in that little shop with the red eaves, as contentedly as if he owned a kingdom. He always had a pleasant smile and a merry story for his customers, and it was worth twice the money one paid him to see his sunshiny face and hear his hearty laugh.

But the light of Uncle Tim's eyes was his little daughter Kitty. Kitty was not a beauty. No; her little nose was a snub; her hair was neither soft nor curly; and her little neck and arms were almost as brown as the leather in her father's shop. Still every body loved Kitty, because she had such a warm, good heart, and because she was so kind to her honest old father.

Uncle Tim had no wife. She had been dead many years. I shouldn't wonder if Uncle Tim didn't grieve much, for she was a very cross, quarrelsome, disagreeable person, and made him very unhappy.

Little Kitty was his housekeeper now, although she was only seven years old. She and her father lived in a room at the back of the shop, and Uncle Tim did the cooking, while Kitty washed the dishes, made the bed, and tidied up the small room with her own little nimble fingers.

When she had quite done she would run into the shop, steal behind her father, throw her chubby brown arms about his neck, and give him a kiss that would make him sing like a lark for many an hour after.

While his fingers were busy at his lap-stone, he was thinking—not of the coarse boots and shoes he was making but—of Little Kitty:—how he meant to send her to school; how she should learn to read and write, and know a great deal more than ever he did when he was young; and how he meant to save up his money in the old yarn stocking, till he got enough to put in the bank for Kitty. When he died she needn't have to go drifting about the world, trying to earn her bread and butter among cold, stony-hearted strangers. That she shouldn't.

Uncle Tim found some time for sport, too. At sunset, he and Kitty and the old yellow dog, Jowler, would start off on a stroll. It was very funny to see little Kitty, like some old housekeeper, fasten down the windows with an old

before she started; how she put the tea-kettle on the left-hand corner of the fireplace, and took such a careful look about to see if everything was right, before turning the key. When they got out into the fields, they both enjoyed the fresh air as only industrious people can—every breath they drew seemed such a treat.

Uncle Tim went over fences and stone walls like a squirrel; and as to Kitty, her merry laugh would ring through the woods till the little birds would catch it up and echo it back again.

Then, when they got home, they had such a good appetite for their bread and milk. Oh! I can tell you, Uncle Tim and Kitty were as happy as the day was long.

HOW JOWLER BRINGS SAD NEWS TO UNCLE TIM.

Now, one day Kitty asked Uncle Tim to let her go blackberrying. She said she knew a field where the berries were as thick as grass. Uncle Tim couldn't go with her because Sam Spike, the blacksmith, was in a hurry for a pair of boots to be married in, and of course Sam could not wait for all the blackberries in the world. Tim, therefore, stayed at home, humming and singing, and singing and humming; while Kitty, tying on her calico sun-bonnet, and slinging her basket on her little brown arm, trudged off with Jowler.

Jowler was very good company. Kitty and he used to have long chats about all sorts of things. Kitty always knew by the way he wagged his tail whether he agreed with her or not. When any other dog came up to speak to him, he'd look up into Kitty's little freckled face, to see if she considered the new dog a proper acquaintance; and if she shook her head, he'd give the stranger a look out of his eyes, as much as to say "It's no use," and trot on after Kitty.

Well, Jowler and she picked a quart of blackberries, and then Kitty started for home, — Jowler taking his turn at

carrying the basket in his mouth whenever Kitty happened to spy any flowers she wished to pick. At last, having plucked all she wanted, she thought she would take a shorter cut home across the fields, and down on the railway line. So they trotted on, Kitty singing the while.

By and by they reached the rail. Kitty looked: there were no trains coming as far as she could see. To be sure there was a curve in the road just behind her (round which the eye couldn't look), but she wasn't afraid. Just then Jowler dropped the basket and upset the blackberries. Kitty was so sorry,—but she stooped down to gather them up, just as a train whistled like lightning round the curve of the road. Poor little Kitty was crushed to death in an instant!

Jowler wasn't killed,—faithful Jowler,—he trotted home to Uncle Tim, who sat singing at his work. He leaped upon him, and whined, and tugged at his coat, till Uncle Tim threw down the blacksmith's boots and followed him, for he knew something must be wrong. Perhaps Kitty had fallen over a stone wall and lamed her foot—who knew! So Jowler ran backwards and forwards, barking and whining, till he brought Uncle Tim to the railroad.

Was that crushed mass of flesh and bone little Kitty?—his Kitty?—all he had in the wide world to love?

Uncle Tim looked once, and fell upon the earth as senseless as a stone. Ever since he has been quite crazy. All he cares to do is to draw up and down the road that little wooden horse that Kitty used to play with, hoping to coax her back to him.

Poor Old Tim! Will you throw another stone at him, boys? Oh, no—no! Pick a flower and give it him, as Kitty used to do; take his hand and walk along with him: maybe he'll fancy that you are little Kitty. Poor Uncle Tim!

Little Ferns.

A NOBLE ACT.

THERE lived a certain man who had reached a great age, and who had amassed* much wealth. Not having hopes of living much longer, he divided the bulk of his property among his three sons. But he set aside a jewel of great value, which he determined on giving to that one of his sons who should perform the most noble act within three months.

"Father," said the eldest one day, "a person entrusted † me with a sum of money: he was quite a stranger to me, and he had no acknowledgment ‡ in writing, so that I might easily have kept it. But when he came for it I gave him back the whole, refusing his offers of remuneration."§ The father replied, "Your act was one of justice."

The second son approached his father, and said: "I was walking along the edge of a lake when a child fell in; and at the risk of my life I plunged in, and brought it safely to its distressed mother on the shore. Was that not a noble act, father?" "No, my son; it was but the instinct of human kindness."

The youngest son then said: "One dark night I found my mortal enemy asleep on the edge of a precipice, without his being aware of it. The slightest movement on waking would have plunged him down the fearful abyss. I took care to rouse him with proper caution, and then directed him to a place of safety." "My dearest son," said the father, embracing him, "the jewel is thy due."

* *Amassed*, collected, acquired in large quantities.

† *Entrusted*, deposited in the confidence of its safety.

‡ *Acknowledgment*, statement declaring the receipt of a thing.

§ *Remuneration*, reward, compensation for trouble.

REWARD FOR WELL DOING.

I ONCE entered a school in the country, and found some little boys and girls at their reading lesson. I very soon saw that they did not in the least understand what they were reading about. When I explained to them all about it, they were quite surprised to find that they had actually been reading a story.

The story was about two boys who had gone out to play, and who had been told by their mother to be home again at half-past eight o'clock. Robert was too fond of the sport, and wanted to stay longer; but John was determined to keep his promise.

Now, John might have thought of obeying his parents by keeping his promise, and clearly enough he would have then been the better boy of the two; but that did not appear in the story: it turned out that something nice was to be the reward of their punctuality. Thus John's eagerness to go home was at least open to the suspicion of being selfish.

I tried very hard to get my little class of girls and boys to suppose a better reason for John's being home at the proper time than the expectation of the promised cake or plum pudding, or whatever it may have been. But it was of no use. The inward pleasure John ought to have felt for having kept his promise could not strike them as an ample recompense. Perhaps the vision of nice things, which the story had roused, was too fresh and vivid in their minds to allow of their thinking at all.

I think that it is a bad thing for a boy or a girl to do well for the sake of getting a reward; and still worse for persons, who ought to know better, at least to *promise* a reward for good behaviour: as if doing well were not a benefit in itself.

Editor.

THE BLACKBERRY SPRAYS GATHERER.

NEVER, surely, was man more fond of a blackberry than I. With all its thorns, the bramble is a favorite with me; it first gives me pleasure with its purple stem, green leaves, and white flowers, and then feasts me with its delicious fruit.

It was autumn; more than half September had rolled away, and I had not plucked a single blackberry. I set off to a hedge which had often provided me with a bountiful feast. There the spiky thorn formed a barrier which cattle could not pass, and there the bramble flourished in all its glory. Alas! I was disappointed of my treat, for not a ripe berry could I find.

Trying to make the best of my little disappointment, I walked on, and soon after saw a poor fisherman coming towards me with a basket. The very sight of the basket encouraged both hope and expectation.

"Have you been gathering blackberries?" said I.

"I have, sir," replied the man; "but they are scarce enough at present; by and by there will be enough of them."

As the man spoke, he removed the lid of his basket that I might see his store; and a goodly store it was. Some of the berries were certainly red, but the greater part of them were black.

"Do you sell them?" said I.

"No, sir," said he, "I don't. I get them for my wife, who is uncommonly fond of a blackberry pudding."

"That does not at all surprise me," said I. "The blackberry is good, eat it how you will. It is good cooked or uncooked, in a pudding or a pie, plucked from the bush or picked from the basket. May I have a few?"

"*As many* as you like, sir," was his frank reply; so I set

to work picking the tip-toppers from among them, taking as many as I chose, and dropping a sixpence among them by way of compensation.

"But why have you put those two sprays* in your basket?" said I; "why do you not pull the berries off them?"

"They are for my wife, sir," said he. "I never go blackberrying without getting a spray or two of the best I can find for her; she is so uncommonly fond of them. You can't think, sir, how she likes the sprays."

"That is right," said I; "I hope you will never give up so excellent a custom. That is the way to make a wife love you, for kindness begets kindness all the world over. Those two sprays are worth a whole basketful of blackberries. Of the pudding you will most likely have your share, but the sprays will be your wife's, and hers alone."

For some time the poor fisherman kept shaking up his basket that I might pick out the best of its contents; while I kept talking to him, not knowing which was the better pleased of the two. To me it was a double feast; much did I enjoy the blackberries, but still more the man's proof of affection for his wife.

Old Humphrey.

* *Sprays*, shoots, sprigs, small branches.

MUNGO PARK AND THE NEGRO WOMAN.

MUNGO PARK was a traveller, who, a number of years ago, went into Africa to discover the source of a great river called the Niger. His journey was long and painful, across wide desert countries, where there are many wild beasts, and where there are tribes of black men that are constantly at war with each other. After much toil, the traveller reached the banks of the Niger, which he saw was a fine broad river. He now wished to cross to the opposite side, but as he could not find a boat he resolved to wait at a village close at hand till next day.

Mr. Park, accordingly, went to the village to seek for lodging and food; but the people had never seen a white man before, and they, being afraid of him, would not admit him into their houses. This made him sad, and he was obliged to sit all day, without food, under the shade of a tree. Night came on, and threatened to be very uncomfortable, for the wind rose, with the appearance of a heavy storm of rain; and there were so many wild beasts in the neighbourhood, that Mr. Park thought he should have to climb up the tree to rest all night among its branches.

"About sunset, however," says he, "as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman stopped to look at me. Seeing that I was weary and sorrowful, she, with looks of great compassion, took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having led me into her hut, she lighted a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me that I might remain there for the night.

"Finding that I was very hungry, she said she would *get me something* to eat. She accordingly went out, and

returned in a short time with a very fine fish, which she broiled on some hot ashes and gave me for supper. The kind-hearted negro woman then pointed to the mat, and told me I might sleep there without any fear of danger. She now called to the female part of her family, who had been gazing on me with wonder, to begin spinning cotton, and in this they employed themselves the greater part of the night.

"They lightened their labor by songs, one of which they made on the subject of my visit. The air was sweet and mournful, and the words were these:—'The winds roared, and the rain fell. The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk—no wife to grind his corn. Let us pity the poor white man that came and sat under our tree.'"

THE DISHONEST BUTLER.

Some time ago, a noble duke, in one of his walks, bought a cow, and left orders to have it sent to his house the following morning. According to agreement the cow was sent, and the duke, who happened to be walking in the grounds, saw a little fellow trying in vain to drive the animal to its destination.* The boy, not knowing his Grace, sung out to him, "Come here, and lend us a hand wi' this beast."

The duke saw the mistake, and determined on having a joke with the little fellow. Pretending therefore not to understand him, he walked on slowly, the boy still craving his assistance. At last the boy cried out in a tone of

* *Destination*, the place for which it was destined or designed to go.

apparent distress: "Come here, man, and help us; and as sure as I'm a man, I'll give you half I get!" This last appeal had the desired effect.

The duke went and lent a helping hand. "And now," said he, as they trudged along, "how much do you think you'll get for this job?" "Oh, I don't know," said the boy; "but I'm sure o' something, for the folk up at the house are good to everybody." As they approached the house, the duke darted from the boy and entered by a different way. He called a servant, and put a sovereign into his hand, saying: "Give that to the boy who has brought the cow."

He returned to the walk, and was soon rejoined by the boy. "Well, how much did you get?" said the former. "A shilling, and there's the half o' it to ye." "But you surely got more than a shilling!" "No," said the boy, with the utmost earnestness, "that's all I got — d'ye not think it's plenty!" "I do not; there must be some mistake, and, if you return I fancy I can get you more." The boy consented; so back they went.

The duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants to be assembled. "Now" said his Grace to the boy, "point me out the person that gave you the shilling." "It was that man there," pointing to the butler. The guilty man confessed his crime, and attempted an excuse; but his Grace stopped him; ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and to quit his service instantly. "You have lost," said he, "your money, your situation, and your character, by your covetousness: learn, henceforth, to be honest."

Anon.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS' FEAST, OR THE LOST CHILD FOUND.

THERE was formerly at London, on the first of May of every year, a splendid feast given to the chimney-sweepers of the metropolis, at Montagu House, Cavendish Square, the town residence of the Montagu family. The custom is said to have taken its origin from the following circumstance :—

Lady Montagu, being at her country seat as usual in the summer, used to send her little boy Edward walking every day with the footman, who had strict orders never to lose sight of him. One day however, the servant meeting an old acquaintance, went into an ale-house to drink, and left the little boy running about by himself. After staying some time drinking, the footman came out to look for the child to take him home to dinner, but he could not find him. He wandered about till night, inquiring at every cottage and every house, but in vain.

The poor mother, as may well be imagined, was in the greatest anxiety about the absence of her dear boy; but it would be impossible to describe her grief and despair when the footman returned, and told her that he did not know what had become of him. People were sent to seek him in all directions; advertisements were put in all the newspapers; bills were stuck up in London, and in most of the great towns of England, offering a large reward to any person who would bring him or give any news of him. All endeavours were however unsuccessful, and it was concluded that the poor child had fallen into some pond, or that he had been stolen by gipsies, who would not bring him back for fear of being punished.

Lady Montagu passed two long years in this miserable

uncertainty: she did not return to London as usual in the winter, but passed her time in grief and solitude in the country. At length one of her sisters married, and after many refusals, Lady Montagu consented to give a ball and supper on the occasion at her town house; but while the supper was being cooked, the whole house was alarmed by a cry of fire!

It appears that one of the cooks had overturned a saucepan, and set fire to the chimney. The chimney-sweepers were sent for, and a little boy was sent up; but the smoke nearly choked him, and he fell into the fireplace. Lady Montagu came herself with some vinegar and a smelling bottle. She began to bathe his temples and his neck, when suddenly she screamed out, "Oh, Edward!" and fell senseless on the floor. She soon recovered and taking the little sweep in her arms, pressed him to her bosom crying, "It is my dear Edward! It is my lost boy."

It appears she had recognised him by a mark on his neck. The master chimney-sweeper, on being asked where he had obtained the child, said he had bought him about a year before of a gipsy woman who said he was her son. All that the boy could remember was, that some people had given him fruit, and told him they would take him home to his mamma. But they took him a long way upon a donkey, and after keeping him a long long while, told him he must go and live with the chimney sweep who was his father. They had beaten him so much whenever he spoke of his mamma and of his fine house, that he was almost afraid to think of it. But he said, his master, the chimney-sweeper, had treated him very well.

Lady Montagu rewarded the man handsomely, and from that time she gave a feast to all the chimney-sweepers of the metropolis on the first of May, the birthday of little *Edward*. He always presided at the table which was

covered with the good old English fare, roast beef, plum pudding, and strong beer.

This circumstance happened many, many years ago, and Lady Montagu and Edward are both dead; but the 1st of May is still celebrated as the chimney sweepers' holiday, and you may see them on that day in all parts of London, dressed in ribbons and all sorts of finery, dancing to music at almost every door, and beating time with the implements of their trade.* *Anon.*

BRAVE JEM.

In the pleasant valley of Ashton there lived an elderly woman of the name of Preston. She had a small neat cottage, and there was not a weed to be seen in her garden. It was upon her garden that she chiefly depended for support: it consisted of strawberry-beds, and one small border for flowers. The pinks and roses she tied up in nice nosegays, and sent either to Clifton or Bristol to be sold. As to her strawberries, she did not send them to market, because it was the custom for numbers of people to come from Clifton, in the summer time, to eat strawberries and cream at the gardens in Ashton.

Now the widow Preston was so obliging, active, and good tempered, that every one who came to see her was pleased. She lived happily in this manner for several years; but, alas! one autumn she fell sick, and, during her illness, everything went wrong: her garden was neglected, her cow died, and all the money which she

* The feast alluded to was given until a comparatively recent period, although the original Montagu blood had become extinct. The master-sweeps of London continue the custom; but the popular sweep demonstrations of the metropolis on the 1st of May are spurious, catch-penny imitations.

had saved was spent in paying for medicines. Winter passed away, while she continued so weak that she could earn but little by her work; and when Summer came, her rent was called for, and this was not ready in her little purse as usual. She begged a few months' delay, and they were granted; but at the end of that time there was no resource but to sell her horse Lightfoot.

Now, Lightfoot, though perhaps he had seen his best days, was a very great pet; in his youth he had always carried the dame to market behind her husband; and it was now her little son Jem's turn to ride him. It was Jem's business to feed Lightfoot, and to take care of him; a charge which he never neglected, for, besides being very good natured, he was a very industrious boy.

"It will go near to break my Jem's heart," said dame Preston to herself, as she sat one evening beside the fire, stirring the embers, and considering how she had best open the matter to her son, who stood opposite to her, eating a dry crust of bread very heartily for supper.

"Jem," said the old woman, "what, art hungry?"

"That I am, brave and hungry!"

"Aye! no wonder, you've been brave hard at work —Eh?"

"Brave hard! I wish it was not so dark, mother, that you might just step out and see the great bed I've dug; I know you'd say it was no bad day's work—and, oh mother! I've good news; farmer Truck will give us the giant-strawberries, and I'm to go for them to-morrow morning, and I'll be back before breakfast."

"Bless the boy! how he talks! Four miles there, and four back again, before breakfast."

"Aye, upon Lightfoot, you know, mother, very easily,—mayn't I?"

"*Aye, aye, child!*"

"Why do you sigh, mother?"

"Finish thy supper, child."

"I've done!" cried Jem, swallowing the last mouthful hastily, as if he thought he had been too long at supper. "And now for the great needle, I must see and mend Lightfoot's bridle before I go to bed." To work he set, by the light of the fire; and the dame having once more stirred it, began again with "Jem, dear, does he go lame at all now?" "What Lightfoot! Oh no, not he!—never was so well of his lameness in all his life, he's grown quite young again, I think; and then he's so fat he can hardly wag." "Bless him—that's right—we must see, Jem, and keep him fat."

"For what, mother?"

"For Monday fortnight at the fair. He's to be sold!"

"Lightfoot!" cried Jem, as the bridle dropped from his hand; "and will mother sell Lightfoot?"

"*Will!* no: but *must*, Jem."

"Must; who says you *must?* why *must* you, mother?"

"I must, I say, child. Why, must I not pay my debts honestly—and must I not pay my rent; and was it not called for long and long ago; and have not I had time: and did I not promise to pay it for certain Monday fortnight, and am I not two guineas short—and where am I to get two guineas? So what signifies talking, child?" said the widow, leaning her head upon her arm, "Lightfoot must go."

Jem was silent for a few minutes. "Two guineas; that's a great, great deal. If I worked, and worked, and worked ever so hard, I could no ways earn two guineas before Monday fortnight. Could I, mother?"

"Oh, no! child, no; not if you worked yourself to death."

"But I could earn something, though, I say," cried Jem

proudly; "and I *will* earn something—if it be ever so little it will be *something*—and I shall do my best; that I will."

BRAVE JEM LAYS HIS PLANS FORTHWITH.

Jem was up betimes in the morning, and soon he was on his way to the town in search of something to do. After trying hard, but in vain, he was becoming downcast and disheartened for poor Lightfoot's sake. But he gathered up courage to make another effort, and offered his services to a lady who was overlooking a gardener at work on her grounds. She was pleased with the manner of the lad, and luckily enough engaged him on trial at sixpence a day. Jem worked on bravely, and secured the approval of the gardener as well as the good graces of his mistress.

After some days the gardener asked him to stay a little while over time to help him to carry some geranium pots into the hall. Jem, always active and obliging, readily stayed from play, and was carrying in a heavy flower-pot, when his mistress crossed the hall. "What a terrible litter," said she, "you are making here; why don't you wipe your shoes upon the mat?" Jem turned round to look for the mat, but he saw none. "Oh!" said the lady, recollecting herself, "I can't blame you, for there is no mat." "No, ma'am," said the gardener, "and I don't know when, if ever, the man will bring home those mats you bespoke." "I am very sorry to hear that," said the lady; "I wish we could find somebody who would do them, if *he* can't. I should not care what sort of mats they were, so that one could wipe one's feet." Jem, as he was sweeping away the litter, when he heard this, said to himself, "Perhaps I could make a mat."

HOW JEM BRAVELY MAKES A MAT.

All the way home, as he trudged along whistling, he *was thinking* over a scheme for making mats, which, how-

ever bold it may appear, he did not despair of carrying out, with patience and industry. Many were the difficulties which he foresaw; but he felt within him that spirit which spurs men on to great enterprises, and makes them "trample on impossibilities."

He recollected, in the first place, that he had seen Lazy Lawrence, the matmaker, whilst he lounged upon the gate, twist a bit of heath into different shapes; and he thought that if he could find some way of plaiting heath firmly together, it would make a very pretty, green, soft mat, which would do very well for one to wipe one's shoes on. About a mile from his mother's house, on the common which Jem rode over when he went to farmer Truck's for the giant strawberries, he remembered to have seen a great quantity of this heath; and as it was now only six o'clock in the evening, he knew that he should have time to feed Lightfoot, groom him, go to the common, return, and make one trial of his skill before he went to bed.

Lightfoot carried him swiftly to the common, and there Jem gathered as much of the heath as he thought he should want. But what toil, what time, what pains did it cost him, before he could make anything like a mat! Twenty times he was ready to throw aside the heath, and give up his project, from impatience of repeated failures. But he still persevered. Nothing truly great can be accomplished without toil and time.

Two hours he worked before he went to bed. All his leisure the next day he spent at his mat; which in all made five hours of fruitless attempts. The sixth, however, repaid him for the labors of the other five; he conquered his grand difficulty of fastening the heath firmly together, and at length completely finished a mat which far surpassed his most hopeful expectations. He was extremely happy, sung, danced round his handiwork, whistled, looked at it again

and again, and could hardly leave off admiring it when it was time to go to bed. He laid it by his bed-side, that he might see it the moment he awoke in the morning.

HOW LIGHTFOOT IS SAVED AFTER ALL.

And now came the grand pleasure of carrying the mat to his mistress. The lady was surprised when she heard who made it. After having admired it, she told him not to waste his time in weeding gardens. "You can employ yourself much better," said she, "and shall have the reward of your ingenuity* as well as of your industry. Make as many more such mats as you can, and I will take care and dispose of† them for you." "Thank ye ma'am," said Jem, making his best bow, for he saw by the lady's looks that she meant to do him a favor, though he repeated to himself, "'Dispose of them;' what does that mean?"

The next day he set to work to make more mats, and soon learned to make them so well and quickly, that he was surprised at his own success. In every one he made, he found less difficulty, so that instead of making two, he could soon make four, in a day. In a fortnight he made eighteen. It was Saturday night when he finished, and he carried, at three journeys, his eighteen mats to his mistress's house; piled them all up in the hall, and laid his cap on it. He stood proudly beside the pile, waiting for the lady's appearance.

Presently a folding-door at one end of the hall opened, and he saw his mistress, with a great many gentlemen and ladies, rising from several tables.

"Oh! there is my little boy with his mats," cried the lady; and, followed by all the rest of the company, she

* *Ingenuity*, cleverness, skill in a mechanical contrivance.

† *Dispose of*, sell.

came into the hall. Jem modestly retired whilst they looked at his mats; but in a minute or two his mistress beckoned him; and when he came into the middle of the circle he saw that his pile of mats had disappeared.

"Well," said the lady, smiling, "what do you see that makes you look so surprised?" "That all my mats are gone," said Jem. "Well," said the lady, "take up your cap, and go home then, for you see that it is getting late, and you know Lightfoot will wonder what has become of you." Jem turned round to take up his cap, which he had left on the floor.

But how his countenance changed! — the cap was heavy with shillings. Every one who had taken a mat had put in two shillings; so that for the eighteen mats he had got thirty-six shillings. "Thirty-six shillings!" said the lady; "five and sevenpence I think you told me you had earned already — how much does that make? We must add one other sixpence to make out your two guineas." "Two guineas!" cried he, "Oh Lightfoot! — oh mother!"

Jem ran home to cary his earnings to his mother; and the poor widow was overwhelmed with wonder and delight. Then flying to the stable: "Lightfoot, you're not to be sold to-morrow! old fellow," said he, patting him caressingly. *Miss Edgeworth.*

DOROTHY AND HER PET PUPPY.

In Battersea, on the banks of the Thames, near London, there dwelt, about three hundred years ago, a blind widow, named Alice Collie, and her grandchild Dorothy. They had seen better days; for the father of little Dorothy had been gardener to good Queen Catharine, the first wife of Henry VIII. But when Henry married Anna Boleyn, the servants of the former were all paid off. This was a heavy blow to the family; but still greater misfortunes awaited them. The brother of Dorothy, a very industrious youth, was killed by the falling of an old wall, and his death so afflicted his father and mother that they did not long survive him.

Poor little Dorothy, yet a child, was thus left alone, with her blind and infirm grandmother, and without any means of support. Not knowing what to do, she procured some flowers and a little fruit, and went daily through the streets of London to sell them. In these rambles she was accompanied by a beautiful dog, named Constant, which had been given her, when quite a puppy, by the good Queen Catharine. For some time this affectionate little girl gained enough to buy food for her grandmother and herself; but at length winter came on, the old woman fell sick, and they were brought to the greatest distress.

Dorothy could have borne her own miseries; but when she saw the sufferings of old Alice she could no longer support it, and looking at her with tears in her eyes, she exclaimed, "Dearest grandmother, it shall be done! I will sell my dear Constant; I was offered a gold-piece for him some time ago by a servant of the Duchess of Suffolk." "And can you," said Alice, "part with your pet, the gift of the good Queen Catharine?" "Oh, it will almost

break my heart," cried Dorothy, "but can I see you want bread?"

This good little creature then set off, accompanied by Constant, to go to the Duchess of Suffolk's; but she soon after returned, crying and sobbing, as if her heart would break. She had met a thief by the way, who had seized her dog, saying it belonged to him; and he threatened to put her in prison if she dared to follow him. This was a severe trial for poor Dorothy; she saw no resource but that of begging; and she determined to submit to anything, in order to procure some relief for her poor blind and aged grandmother. She therefore went from door to door, telling her artless tale.

Some gave her relief; but the greater number turned a deaf ear to her prayer, or reproached her for not working to gain a livelihood.

It was now the depth of winter, and one day, when the poor little creature had been begging from morning till evening without receiving a single penny, her strength failed her, and she sank fainting on the ground; whence she would probably never have risen again, but for a singular circumstance.

She was suddenly awakened by a dog leaping upon her; it was her dear Constant, who was licking her benumbed face and hands, and caressing her in the most affectionate manner. The surprise and joy recalled her to life, and taking the faithful animal in her arms, she said: "I shall be able to reach home now I have found you, my sweet pet."

"*Your* dog!" exclaimed a tall footman, "I'll let you know that he belongs to Lady More, wife of the Lord Chancellor," snatching him at the same time from her arms. "Indeed, indeed, sir, it is my dog; it was given to me, when quite a puppy, by the good Queen Catharine, who was very kind

to me." "Oh! oh!" said the man with a loud laugh, "you look like a queen's favorite, certainly; I see a lie will not choke you." On saying this he walked away with the dog; but the poor girl, cold, hungry, and fatigued as she was, followed him, though her limbs could hardly support her.

On arriving at the house, she begged the servant to let her see his mistress, that she might convince her that the dog was hers; but the man told her to be gone, and shutting the door in her face, left her in despair. Dorothy, weeping, then seated herself on a stone, and determined to wait till she could see some of the family.

At length she heard the sound of a carriage. The gates were opened, and the servants came running, and crying out, "Room! room! for the Lord Chancellor's coach!" The family all came out to meet him, but they took no notice of poor Dorothy. Sir Thomas, however, on seeing her, rebuked them, saying, "Why don't you relieve that poor little creature? don't you see that she is starving of cold and hunger?" Encouraged by these kind words, Dorothy approached and said, "Indeed, my Lord, I am very cold and hungry; but I came to claim my dog, which one of your servants has taken from me."

"How! you saucy vagrant," said the proud Lady More, who had come out to receive her husband, "do you dare claim my dog before my face?" Dorothy had not courage enough to answer Lady More; but said to Sir Thomas, "Indeed, my Lord, it is my dog, and he was stolen from me about three months ago." "Do you hear that, my lady?" said Sir Thomas, "you know that you have had the animal about that time." "Yes," replied her ladyship, "but you know he was given to me by Mr. Rich, one of the King's counsellors, who bought him of a man at his *own door.*" "And who knows," said Sir Thomas, "where

that man got him?" "But," said Lady More, "she has no witness to prove that the dog ever belonged to her."

"Well," said Sir Thomas, "as I am Lord Chancellor, and first judge of the realm, it is my duty to see justice done; I will endeavour to decide the cause, and I think we can call a witness whose testimony will be decisive." On saying this, he told a servant to bring the dog. The dog being brought, Sir Thomas took him on his lap, saying, "Now, my lady, you say this dog is yours, and you call him Sultan; this little girl says he is hers, and that his name is Constant; therefore I command you to place yourselves, one at each end of the room, and call him." They did so, and Lady More began by saying, "Sultan! Sultan! come to your mistress, my pretty Sultan!" The dog, however, took no other notice than slightly wagging his tail. Dorothy then said, "Constant! Constant!" and he immediately bounded from Sir Thomas, leaped on his little mistress, and expressed the most passionate fondness.

"The case is very clear," said the Chancellor, "the dog has acknowledged his mistress; he is worthy of his name, and I award him to her."

Dorothy finally gave up the dog to Lady More; and she in return was taken into the house as a servant; so from that time her grandmother was well provided for.

THE RAPIDS.

I REMEMBER riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls, and I said to a man, "What river is that, sir?" "That," he said, "is Niagara river." "Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright and fair, and glassy; how far off are the rapids?" "Only a mile or two," was the reply. "Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turmoil which it must show when near the Falls?" "You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget.

Now launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide,—oars, sails, and helm in proper trim,—and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The *rapids* are below you." —"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land. Haste away!"

"Young men, ahoy there!" "What is it?" "The *rapids* are below you." "Ha, ha! Never fear! Time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current. On! on!"

"Young men ahoy!" "What is it?" "Beware! Beware! The *rapids* are below you. Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard!—*quick! quick!*—pull for your lives! pull till the blood

starts from the nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcord upon the brow! Set the mast in the socket! — hoist the sail! Ah, ah! — it is too late. Shrieking hopelessly, over you go."

Thousands go over "rapids" every year, heedless of the still small warning voice. *Gough.*

HOW A JEST WAS NO JOKE.

When I was a child of five or six years old, I and my sister, rather older than myself, were taken by our father to spend a summer's day in Needwood Forest. We were little wild things, as brown and as hardy as gipsies, and many a long happy day we had spent under the forest trees, dining in woodmen's cottages, or, if none were at hand, by the side of a little running stream in some old woodland hollow.

Towards noon, on one of these happy days, as we were wearied with a long morning's ramble, we were left to recover from our fatigue under the spreading shade of an immense tree, like fairies in a fairy vale. Around us lay a small opening of forest glade, covered with short green grass.

There was a feeling, half of pleasure and half of pain, in being left alone in so wild a spot. We heard the crow of the distant pheasant — the coo-coo of the wood-pigeon, and the cry of the woodpecker! and these, though familiar to us, seemed to add to the solitariness of the scene. And yet it was very delightful. We talked cheerfully of everything around us; watched the hare run past from thicket to thicket, and the little birds flitting about.

But at length we remarked to each other a strange, unceasing, low sound which we could not understand: it

seemed to keep up a perpetual chirr-chirr-r-r-ing, somewhere near us, but exactly where, we could not tell. At times it appeared just beside us, and then half the glade's distance off; now it was high, now low, now on this side, now on that.

In the midst of our wonderment, up came a stout forest-boy, of twelve years or thereabouts. He was a brown, and wild-looking creature, dressed in a suit of leather; he had a belt round his waist in which he carried his wood-knife, and on his back was a bundle of fagots. As he came up he seemed amazed to find two children, like the Babes in the Wood, seated hand in hand at the foot of an old tree, and made a pause to look at us. We were not alarmed, but hailing him as a friend, we asked what was that strange voice which we heard somewhere thereabout.

The boy looked at us half a moment, with a sort of grin, and then with a sudden look of fear, half bending his body and speaking in a low but distinct whisper; "It's my Lord Vernon's bloodhounds" said he, "they are out hunting, and yon sounds are the chains which they drag after them!" and so saying, he dashed off like a wild stag.

What a horror now fell upon us! The glade was like an enchanted forest: all at once the trees seemed to swell out to the most terrible size; every twisted root seemed a writhing snake, and every old wreathed branch an adder, ready to devour us. And still the chirr-r-chirr-r of the terrible hounds and their draggling chains sounded through the dreadful silence, and seeming to our affrighted senses to come nearer and nearer, well nigh drove us mad.

What, indeed, would have become of us, I know not, had we been left to ourselves and our horrors; but our cry of "Father, father!" speedily brought him to us, and the enchantment fled with his presence. The laugh with which

he heard our story dispelled the whole terror of it. "It is the grasshopper and nothing more," said he, "which has caused all this fearful alarm;" and then, listening for a moment, he traced it by its sound among the short, dry, sunny grass, and then held it in his hand before us. "And yet he was a wicked boy," continued our father, "who told a falsehood to frighten you thus. But come, let us go to dinner." So saying, and taking one by each hand, he led us from the enchanted glade to a woodman's cottage in the next dell.

Mary Howitt.

THE LOST SOVEREIGN.

When I was only eight years old, my father and mother being poor, with half a dozen children besides myself to take care of, I was sent to a farmer in a neighbouring town, who intended to make a ploughboy of me, and to keep me in his service until I was of age.

Well, I had not a very gay time of it in farmer Webb's service; for although he was a tolerably kind man in his family, he knew how to make one work, and how to avoid spoiling one by indulgence. So I had plenty of work to do, and very little pleasure.

It was a great treat to me to get the great sum of one or two pennies into my possession.

I had lived with farmer Webb three years before I had seen any coin except copper. By an accident I learned the color of gold. — That is the story I am going to tell you.

One Saturday night, Mr. Webb sent me to the village shop, on some errand. On returning home, just about dusk, I noticed a little brown package lying on the road side. I

picked it up, without the least suspicion of the treasure within. It was wrapped in a quantity of brown paper. I tore open the folds of the paper; and finding nothing, I was on the point of throwing it into the ditch, when something dropped out of it, and fell with a ringing sound upon a stone.

I looked at it in wonder and astonishment. It was yellow, round, glittering, too bright and too small for a penny. I felt it, I squeezed it in my fingers; then something whispered to me that it was of great worth.

Trembling with excitement, I put the thing in my pocket. But it did not rest there. Every two minutes I took it out to look at it. Whenever I met anybody, I was careful to put it out of sight. Somehow or other, I felt a guilty dread of finding its owner. Provided I found none, I thought it was honestly mine, by right of discovery; and I said to myself that it was not my business to go about the streets, crying "Who has lost?"

I went home with it in my pocket. I would not have had the farmer folks know what I had found for the world. I was sorely troubled with the fear of losing my precious treasure. — This was not all. It seemed to me my face betrayed my secret. I could not look at anybody with an honest eye.

These troubles kept me awake half the night. On the following morning I was quite feverish. When farmer Webb, at the breakfast table, said, "William!" I started and trembled, thinking the next words would be — "Where is that thing you have found and wickedly concealed, to keep it from the rightful owner?" But he only said, "I want you to go to Job Baldwin's this morning, and ask him if he can come and work for me to-day and to-morrow?"

I felt quite relieved. Leaving the house, I got out of

sight as soon as possible. Then once more I took the coin out of my pocket and gazed on its beauty. Yet I was unhappy. Consciousness of wrong troubled me, and I almost wished I had not found the fatal packet. Should I not be called a thief, if discovered? I asked myself. Was it not as wrong to conceal what I had found, as to take the same thing from the owner's pocket?

But then I said to myself, — Why, if I do not know who the loser is, how can I restore his property? It is only because I am afraid farmer Webb will take it away from me that I conceal it; that's all. I would not *steal* it; and if the loser should ask me, I would give it to him. I apologised thus to myself all the way to Job Baldwin's house; but after all it would not do. The gold was like a heavy stone hanging on my heart.

Job Baldwin was not at home, and I returned to the farmer's house. I saw Mr. Wardley's horse standing at the gate, and I was terribly frightened. Mr. Wardley was a constable; and I fancied he had come to take me to jail. So I hid in the garden until he went away. By that time reason began to overcome cowardice, and I made my appearance at the house. The farmer looked angrily at me.

Now, thought I, in my sense of guilt, he is going to accuse me. But he only scolded me for being so long about my errand. I never received a reprimand so willingly. His severe words sounded sweet — I had expected something so much more terrible.

I worked all day with the treasure in my pocket. I wonder farmer Webb did not suspect something, for I stopped so often to see if the gold was really there. Much as the possession of it troubled me, the fear of losing it troubled me scarcely less. I was not happy. I wished a hundred times I had found nothing at all. I felt that it would be a

relief to lay it down on the roadside; again I wrapped it in brown paper, just as I had found it — but placed it once more in my pocket. I wondered if ill-got wealth made everybody so miserable.

At night I was sent again to Job Baldwin's, and, having found him, obtained his promise to work at farmer Webb's on the following day. It was dark when I went home, and I was afraid of robbers. I never felt so cowardly in my life. It seemed to me that anybody could rob me with a clear conscience, because my treasure was not mine. I got home, and went tremblingly to bed.

HOW THE SOVEREIGN FOUND ITS OWNER.

Job Baldwin came early to breakfast with us. I should tell you something about him. He was an honest, poor man, who supported a large family by hard work. Everybody liked him, he was so industrious and faithful; and, besides making good wages for his labor, he often got presents of meal and flour from those who employed him.

Well, at the breakfast table, after farmer Webb had asked the blessing, and given Baldwin a piece of pork, something was said about the "news." "I suppose you have heard about my misfortune?" said Job Baldwin. "Your misfortune? Why, what has happened to you?" asked the farmer. "I thought everybody had heard of it," replied Job. "You see, the other night, when Mr. Woodley paid me, he gave me a gold piece——"

I started, and felt the blood forsake my cheeks; but as all eyes were fixed upon Baldwin, my confusion was not observed.

Baldwin continued: — "It seemed to me that if I should put the sovereign in my pocket, like a penny, or *a half-crown,* I should lose it. So I wrapped it in a piece

of paper, and put it in my coat pocket, where I thought it was safe. I never did a more foolish thing. I must have lost the coin on taking out my handkerchief; and the paper of course only hindered its making a noise as it fell. When I got home, I went back to look for it; but somebody must have picked it up."

"Who could be so dishonest as to keep it?" asked the farmer.

I felt as if I were sinking through the floor.

"I don't know," said Job, shaking his head sadly. "I hope his conscience won't trouble him more than the money is worth; though I know this, that I sadly miss my earnings."

This was too much for me. The allusion to my conscience brought the gold out of my pocket. I resolved to make a clean breast of it, and be honest, in spite of my sense of shame. So I held the gold in my trembling hand, and said: — "Is *this* yours, Job?"

My voice was so faint that he did not hear me. So I repeated my question in a bolder tone. All eyes were turned upon me in astonishment; and the farmer demanded where and when I had found the gold.

I burst into tears, and confessed everything. I had expected the farmer would whip me almost to death. But he patted my head, and said, more kindly than was his habit, "Don't cry about it, William. You are an honest lad, though you have had a narrow escape. Always be honest, my boy; and if you do not grow rich, you will be happy in having a clear conscience."

Judge N.

LAZY BOBBY.

I REMEMBER, when I was at school, there was a little boy whom every one nicknamed lazy Bobby. At first I could not understand why he went by that dishonorable name; for Bobby to all appearance seemed to me the most harmless lad in the whole school. And so indeed he was; but, as I afterwards found out, a harmless good-for-nothing is as great a plague as a mischievous boy any day. The one will not work at all, but the other's fault is in doing too much, although sometimes not in the right way, to be sure.

One day I came up with Bobby sauntering along by the roadside on his way to school. "Good morning, Bobby," said I; "we must make haste; it is ten minutes to nine, and we have half a mile to go." "Oh!" said he, "I can walk it in less than ten minutes, and I should like to get at those blackberries. Look at the clusters of them on that spray! You can reach them, I think, for you are taller than I." "Very gladly if I had time" replied I, "but you see we shall be late enough for school as it is."

Bobby's eye sparkled at the fruitful hedge; he gave a grumble at me, and lagged behind. I made haste for school, and was just in time: glad was I, for master used to look annoyed at late-comers.

At a quarter past nine, Bobby came waddling in. "Late again, as usual;" said the master, "what has kept you?" Oh! I blushed for Bobby when I heard him answer that he had to go a message for his mother, for I knew it was not the case. For the first time I observed how laziness or sloth may easily lead to falsehood or deceit.

When we were working our sums, lazy Bobby was sitting next me, and I felt a loathing at his being so near. It was

very strange — and perhaps it was wrong — but I could not gaze at his dull looking eyes with any pleasure. And then he quite vexed me by peering stealthily at my slate, for I felt quite sure he was copying my work, instead of working for himself.

Now, it so happened that I had done my sum wrong, and the master, in his rounds, showed me the error. When he came to Bobby he found the same blunder, and as Bobby had so often laid himself open to suspicion, the teacher charged him with copying from me; for how could he make precisely the same mistakes as I?

In short, he could not deny the accusation, although he was not candid enough to confess it. At last being pressed with a severity that I thought he richly deserved, he mumbled that the sum had been "*too difficult*" for him. Now Bobby had been long at school, and it need not have been a hard sum, had he been a hard worker.

This crooked confession did not, however, save him, as he vainly thought it would; for the master at once told him that *that* was no reason for deceiving him by presenting his neighbour's work as his own. That was a lie, and none the whiter for being a dumb one.

Having no respect for the good opinion of his master and school-fellows, he soon lost respect for himself. First he was the laziest boy, then he became the most deceitful, and by and by he was the only unhappy boy of the school.

Editor.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

I MUST have been about thirteen years old when a dozen of us schoolboys went together to explore an old house said to be haunted. It was called the "Ragged Windows," and stood in a lonely place, far from any dwelling.

It was in the month of October, and about six o'clock at night, that we set off all together. Tarlton, one of the boldest boys in the school, and Harley, one of the cleverest, were of the party. We had a stable lantern with us, for the night was getting very dark; the wind moaned through the trees, and the dried leaves rustling along the ground, frequently made us start.

Though we all pretended to believe that there was no danger, yet every one carried a staff to protect himself from harm.

In a short time we arrived at the old stone wall, which was in front of the Ragged Windows. Two or three, who had moved from the rest to find the part of the wall easiest to get over, cried out that they heard footsteps inside the house; and one would have it that he saw a flash of light at some of the windows. But Tarlton laughed at them for faint-hearted fellows.

There were many rooms, and they all appeared wretched enough. After examining them for some time, we went up a second pair of stairs, and found that the floors of the rooms had been much decayed by the rain which had fallen through the roof.

At this moment a violent slamming of the door was heard below. It shook the old house from top to bottom, and made my heart beat so fast that I could hardly breathe.

We all turned round, for the purpose of making our way out as fast as possible; but to our terror, there, at the bottom of the stairs, stood something as still as death, dressed all in white. We hurried up the stairs again, for neither

the courage of Tarlton nor the good sense of Harley, appeared equal to meet the figure we had seen. Two or three of our companions plunged into the old granary. The floor instantly gave way, and one fell through. Luckily, however, he caught hold of the spars of wood on which the boards rested, otherwise a serious accident might have occurred. With some difficulty we got our companions together again; but Tarlton kicked over the lantern, which fell through the hole on the floor. We were left in perfect darkness.

After a silence of some minutes, a faint light was seen at the end of the granary: our eyes were riveted to the spot, when suddenly there rose up through the floor a figure clad in white flowing robes.

Our knees began to tremble. But when the figure stretched out its arms, and a terrific bang shook the house to its foundations, we waited no longer, but tumbled altogether pell-mell down the stairs, and made off as fast as possible.

Now, would you believe it, that Tarlton was at the bottom of the mischief all the time? After he had fixed with us the hour at which we should go to the Ragged Windows, he had gone to a waggoner and ploughboy living at farmer Freshfield's, and persuaded them to join him in frightening us. They all went to Ragged Windows together to prepare it for our reception. There was a hole through the floor of the granary, so they passed a string over a rafter in the roof, that they might pull up through the broken floor a new white smock frock, with a stick run through the arms. They had also got hold of an old pistol; and in this way Tarlton, the waggoner, and the plough lad, almost frightened us out of our senses.

Gaffer Greenwood.

COUNTRY CHILDREN.

WHILE at home I was thrown chiefly among the village lads, and I used to see them at their work. Joe Garner, Cris Newtown, and the rest, had to go out and work in the fields when they could get jobs to do, and as they were often at work in my father's fields, I was in the habit of going to spend a good deal of time with them.

I used to pity those lads, and think how hard it was, that, instead of strolling away in search of adventure, they must be kept to a field picking stones off the grass, or looking after the lambs; but I don't pity any such lads now. I have seen and heard a little more of the world since then, and the life of village children seems to me quite heavenly, compared to that of thousands of town children. I have heard the little sweeps coming knocking at the door in the dark winter's morning ever so early; and then I have heard them rumbling in the chimney; and then their shrill voices screaming at the top of it, in the sharp morning air, as I lay snug in my bed.

Since these and other things have come to my knowledge, O! how happy and blithe seems even the worst life of country children! Why, thinking of town hardships, and then turning to the country, I seem to see only rosy children rolling on green slopes, wandering through green dells and woods of delight, laughing and singing, and shouting in glad little troops beneath the village tree, or busy on some sunshiny bank, making mills and weighing out dust for sugar. Or I see them collected round the cottage hearth at night, listening to tales of wonder—Jack the Giant-killer—Jack and the Bean-stalk—Tom Thumb, and Little Red Riding-hood.

No; I have no pity for country lads in general. They *have, it is true, to* blow their fingers over turnip-pulling on

a sharp frosty day, when the farmer comforts them with telling them that they must pull on till they have no feeling in their fingers, and then pull on again till they feel them full of pins and needles. They get bumps on the ice, and chilblains to plague them o' nights when in bed, and masters rousing them up in the dark just as their chilblains get easy, to fodder and be off to plough. But, dear me! what are these things to a cotton mill!—to a bump on the bare head with a billy-roller, or the wheels of a spinning-jenny pulling an arm off!

I have seen laborers dibbling in beans, as the farmers call it; that is, walking backward with a sharp-pointed staff in their hands, and making holes in a ploughed field as they went, while three or four little boys followed each laborer, popping beans into the holes they made. I have seen this on a cold day in November or February, when the east wind was driving over the field most savagely, the little urchins looking red and blue with the cold, blowing their fingers, and slapping them on their sides, trying in vain to warm them: then I pitied them, — but I do not pity them now.

THE LITTLE SCARECROW BOY.

I have seen little boys set to drive birds from a cornfield just sown, in the early spring. Afar off in the solitary fields they watched and wandered to and fro, from early dawn to nightfall, till their task became dreadfully weary. Not a soul had they to exchange a word with; they had their dinner in a bag, a clapper for driving away the birds; and perhaps you would see them making a poor attempt with turfs, and sticks, and dry grass, to raise a sort of screen against the wind and rain.

Once I saw a little fellow of this sort who stirred my pity exceedingly. It was on a cold, raw, foggy day in Feb-

ruary; the wet hung in myriads * of drops on the hedges, and the dampness of the air clung about one with dispiriting chillness. I was going through Sherwood Forest, and across a farm brought into cultivation in the midst of its dreary waste. As I passed a tall hedge, I heard a faint, shrill cry, as of a child's voice, that, alternately† with the sound of a wooden clapper, sung these words: —

"We've ploughed our land, we've sown our seed,
We've made all neat and gay;
So take a bit, and leave a bit,
Away, birds, away!"

I looked over the hedge, and saw a little country lad about seven years of age, in his blue smock-frock, with a small bag hanging by his side, and a clapper in his hand. From ridge to ridge of a heavy ploughed field, and up and down its long furrows, he went wading in the deep soil, with a slow pace, singing his song with a melancholy voice, and sounding his clapper.

There was something in the appearance of that little creature in that lonely place, connected with his unvaried occupation and his soft and plaintive voice, that touched my heart; and as I went on I still heard his song, fainter and fainter in the deep stillness.

I came back in the evening, seven long hours afterwards. The twilight was closing in; yet as I rode over a sloping hill, that weak, melancholy voice again reached my ear. All that weary day, the lone, weary little creature had been going hither and thither, with his melancholy song and his monotonous‡ clapper. Never did I feel a livelier pity for any living thing!

* *Myriads*, 10,000,000, used for "innumerable."

† *Alternately*, first one then another. [Repetitions of the *same* are "successive."]

‡ *Monotonous*, sing-song unvaried tone.

At the same moment I met a little girl, and I saw by the earnest expression of her countenance that it was his sister. "What little boy is this?" I asked. "It is my brother Johnny, sir," she replied. "This is the first day that he has ever worked; but my father said it was now high time he did something towards getting his living; so he made him a clapper as he sat by the fire at night; and my mother made him a bag for his dinner. He was very proud of his job, and thought he was going to be a man. But a neighbour, who passed this afternoon and asked him how he liked his job, told us he was crying; and that he said the loneliness frightened him, and he wished himself at home again. So I am going for him; and I dare say he is tired enough!" In truth, he was tired enough, and I pitied him,— but I don't pity him now.

Happy creatures are they all! Pity them! Pho! I love them every one. Hark! I seem even now to hear the bird-boys clappering in the distant fields, or a score or two of country urchins shouting after the harvest-home waggon. *Boys' Country Book.*

A NOBLEMAN AND HIS NOBLE SERVANT.

A RUSSIAN nobleman was travelling in the early part of the winter over a bleak plain. His carriage rolled up to an inn, and he demanded a relay* of horses to go on. The innkeeper entreated him not to proceed, for there was danger abroad; the wolves were out. He thought the object of the man was to keep him as a guest for the night; and saying it was too early in the season for wolves, ordered the horses to be put to. In spite of the continued warnings of the landlord, the carriage drove away, with the nobleman, his wife, and their only daughter.

On the box of the carriage was a serf†, who had been born on the nobleman's estate, and who loved his master as he loved his life. They rolled on over the hardened snow, and there seemed no signs of danger. The moon began to shed her light, so that the road appeared like polished silver. At length the little girl said to her father, "What is that strange dull sound that I just heard?" Her father replied, "Nothing but the wind sighing through the trees of the forest we have just passed." The child shut her eyes and was quieted for the time; but in a few minutes, with a face pale with affright, she turned to her father, and said, "Surely that was not the wind; I heard it again, did you not hear it too? Listen!" The nobleman listened, and far, far away in the distance behind him, but distinct enough in the clear, frosty air, he heard a sound which he knew the meaning of, though they did not.

He put down the glass, and, speaking to the serf, said, "I think they are after us; we must make haste; tell the

* *Relay*, fresh supply.

† *Serf*, bond-servant, over whom, up to 1859, a Russian proprietor *had entire control.* [Emancipated by the present Czar.]

post-boy to drive faster, and get your musket and pistols ready; I will do the same; we may yet escape."

The man drove faster; but the mournful howling, which the child had first heard, began to come nearer and nearer, and it was perfectly clear to the nobleman that a pack of wolves had got scent and were in pursuit of them. Meanwhile he tried to calm the anxious fears of his wife and child. At last the baying of the pack was distinctly heard, and he said to his servant, "When they come up with us, single you out the leader and fire; I will single out the next, and, as soon as one falls, the rest will stop to devour him: *that* will be some delay at least."

By this time they could see the pack fast approaching with their long measured tread, a large dog-wolf leading. They singled out two, and they fell; the pack immediately turned on their fallen comrades and soon tore them to pieces. The taste of blood only made the others advance with more fury, and they were again soon baying at the carriage. Again the nobleman and his servant fired, and two more fell, which were instantly devoured as before; but the next post-house was still far distant.

The nobleman then cried to the post-boy, "You must let one of the horses loose from the carriage, in order that, when the wolves come up to him, their destruction of the horse may gain us a little time." This was done, and the horse was left on the road: in a few minutes they heard the loud agonising shriek of the poor animal as the wolves tore him down. Again they urged on the carriage, but again their enemies were in full pursuit. A second horse was sent adrift, and shared the same fate as his fellow.

At length the servant said to his master, "I have served you since I was a child, and I love you as I love my own life; it is perfectly clear to me that we cannot all reach the post-house alive; I am quite prepared, and I ask you to

let me die for you." "No," said the master, "we will live together or die together; it must not be so." But the entreaties of the man at length prevailed. "I shall leave my wife and children to you; you will be a father to them; you have been a father to me; when the wolves next reach us, I will jump down and do my best I can to arrest their progress."

The carriage rolls on as fast as the two remaining horses can drag it; the wolves are close on their track, and almost dash against the doors of the carriage. Presently is heard the discharge of the servant's pistols as he leaps from his seat. Soon the door of the post-house is reached, and the family is safe.

They went to the spot the following morning where the wolves had pulled the devoted servant to pieces. There now stands a large wooden cross, erected by the nobleman, with this text upon it, — "Greater love hath no man than this, that one lay down his life for his friend."

Champneys.

TRAVELLERS' WONDERS.

One winter evening, as Captain Compass was sitting by the fire, with his children all around him, he began, after being coaxed a little, to tell them the following story: —

I was once, at this time of the year, in a country where it was very cold, and the poor inhabitants had much ado to keep themselves from starving. They were clad partly in the skins of animals, and partly in garments made from the outer covering of a middle-sized quadruped, which they were so cruel as to cut off his back while he was alive.

They dwelt in dwellings, part of which was sunk under

ground. The materials were either stones, or earth hardened by fire; and so violent in that country were the storms of wind and rain, that many of them covered their roofs all over with stones. The walls of their houses had holes to let in the light; but to prevent the cold air and wet from coming in, they were covered with a sort of transparent stone, made of melted sand or flints. As wood was rather scarce, I know not what they would have done for firing, had they not discovered in the bowels of the earth a very extraordinary kind of stone, which when put among burning wood, caught fire and flamed like a torch.

Well—but their diet too was remarkable. Some of them ate fish that had been hung up in smoke till they were quite dry and hard; and along with it they ate either the roots of plants, or a sort of coarse black cake made of powdered seeds. These were the poorer class: the richer had a whiter kind of cake, which they were fond of daubing over with a greasy matter; this was the product of a certain large animal. This grease they used, too, in almost all their dishes, and when fresh, it really was not unpalatable. They likewise devoured the flesh of many birds and beasts when they could get it; and ate the leaves and other parts of a variety of vegetables growing in the country, some absolutely raw, others variously prepared by the aid of fire.

Another great article of food was the curd of milk, pressed into a hard mass and salted. This had so rank a smell, that persons of weak stomachs often could not bear to come near it. For drink, they made great use of water in which certain dry leaves had been steeped. These leaves, I was told, came from a great distance. They had likewise a method of preparing a liquor of the seeds of a grass-like plant steeped in water, with the addition of a bitter herb, and then set to "work" or *ferment*. I was prevailed upon to

taste it, and thought it at first nauseous enough, but in time I liked it pretty well.

When I had sojourned in this cold climate about half a year, I found the same people enjoying a delicious temperature and a country full of beauty and verdure. The trees and shrubs were furnished with a great variety of fruits, which with other vegetable products, made up a large part of the food of the inhabitants. I particularly relished certain berries growing in bunches, some white and some red, of a very pleasant sourish taste, and so transparent, that one might see the seeds at their very centre. Here were whole fields full of extremely sweet-smelling flowers, which they told me were succeeded by pods bearing seeds, that afforded good nourishment to man and beast. A great variety of birds enlivened the groves and woods; among which I was entertained with one, that, with little teaching, spoke as plainly as a parrot.

The people were tolerably gentle and civilised, and possessed many of the arts of life. Their dress in warm weather was very various. Many were clad only in a thin cloth made of the long fibres of the stalk of a plant cultivated for the purpose: this they prepared by soaking in water, and then beating with large mallets. Others wore cloth woven from a sort of vegetable wool, growing in pods upon bushes. But the most singular material was a fine glossy stuff, used chiefly by the richer classes, which, as I was credibly informed, is manufactured out of the webs of a certain kind of grub-worm. This is a most wonderful circumstance, if we consider the immense number necessary to the production of so large a quantity of the stuff as I saw used.

This people are very peculiar in their dress, especially the women: their clothing consists of a great number of articles impossible to be described, and strangely disguising

the natural form of the body. In some instances they seem very cleanly; but in others, the Hottentots can scarcely go beyond them. Their mode of dressing the hair is remarkable: it is all matted and stiffened with the fat of swine and other animals, mixed up with powders of various kinds and colors. Like many Indian nations, they use feathers in the head-dress. One thing surprised me much, which was, that they bring up in their houses an animal of the tiger kind, with formidable teeth and claws, which is played with and caressed by the tiniest and most timid of their children.

"I am sure I would not play with it," said Jack. "Why, you might chance to get an ugly scratch if you did," said the Captain.

The language of this nation seems very harsh and unintelligible to a foreigner, yet they talk to one another with great ease and quickness. One of the oddest customs is that which men use on saluting each other. Let the weather be what it will, they uncover their heads, and remain uncovered for some time, if they mean to be extremely respectful.

"Why, that's like pulling off our hats," said Jack. "Ah, ha! Papa," cried Betsy, "I have found you out. You have been telling us of our own country and what is done at home all this while." "But," said Jack, "we don't burn stones, nor eat grease and powdered seeds, nor wear skins and webs, nor play with tigers." "No?" said the Captain; "pray what are coals but stones; and is not butter, grease; and corn, seeds; and leather, skins; and silk the web of a kind of caterpillar; and may we not as well call a cat an animal of the tiger kind, as a tiger an animal of the cat kind?"

Evenings at Home.

CLEVER POLLY.

UNCLES and aunts are very delightful people, as every child knows, — most particularly on a birthday, on which occasion they are hardly ever empty handed. Little Nina Musgrove, then, was a fortunate child, for she had nine of these relatives, besides three great aunts, who lived in a fine old-fashioned house up many steps, in a beautiful garden, with a pond full of gold fish, and rose-beds that could be smelt almost a mile off. I could fill this book, and not tell of half the gifts which came to Nina; so I will pass by all save one, — the only gift of her "Uncle Captain," as she used to call him. He had brought it from the Brazils on purpose for her; and this was neither more nor less than a grey parrot.

But, then, such a parrot had never been seen in or about Ridsden before. Poll was not one of your sulky birds that prate a word or two, and either sicken you with repeating these again and again, or vex you with being stupid all day. She could talk finely, and said such strange things that it was hard to believe it was only a bird talking. When she heard the baker's knock, she would cry, "Walk in, Mr. Toast," without being bidden. She knew the names of every one in the family, and used to bid them good morning as a civil bird should. She could sing, "I'd be a Butterfly," though sometimes that long word puzzled her; and she would then cry, "How droll!" and try again; but, what Nina liked better than all, she could cry, "Captain, come home;" and whistle, "Hearts of Oak," and "God save the Queen," as well as any sailor on board the good ship in which she came over.

It was no wonder that, with all her cleverness, Polly *was a favorite* on her own account, as well as for the sake

of Nina's kind uncle. She was lodged in a lordly cage with gilt wires, and her house was duly and carefully cleaned. Her food was the daintiest; and, as she could call for most things she liked, her dinner was principally of her own choosing. She was also often indulged in being hung in a corner of a pleasant court-yard, among the branches of an old vine which ran up against the house. As there was always something going on,—carts coming in or setting off, the sound of the flail in the barn, the postman with his knock, the travelling fishmonger with his ass and a bell at its collar,—she was never in want of amusement. Being a bird of observation as well as of social habits, she picked up many odd sayings and strange sounds, which she was heard practising over to herself at duller times of the day. Every one in the house liked Polly; she was cheerful and fearless, and was never guilty of biting any one, as I have known less good-tempered parrots do, and that most severely.

POOR POLLY.

It was on a certain brilliant July day that Polly was taken in her gilt cage, and hung up in the "vine corner," as Nina used to call it; while that little maiden went to pay her great aunts a visit. A merry afternoon she had in their old garden, for several other children had been invited to play with her. They swung, and told stories, and slid down the side of a hay-stack, and played at hide and seek in the large cool barn, till Nina was quite tired, and not sorry when the old butler made his appearance to bring her home. But tired as she was, she did not forget her feathered pet; and no sooner had she delivered her aunts' long messages, than she ran hastily into the court-yard, calling out, "My poor Polly, I hope they have not forgotten to give you your dinner." But alas! no chirrup came from

the cage; no "Walk in, Miss Nina." She came nearer and nearer, and, oh grief, oh grief! — the door was open, and the bird gone.

Nina was not a weeper on common occasions; but she set up such a shriek when she perceived the loss of her favorite, as reached the ears of the persons in the dining-room, who all got up hastily, and ran out to see what could be the matter. Poor Nina could not speak; she could only point to the empty cage and weep the more; for if she had loved one plaything above another, if she had valued one treasure more than another, that was poor Polly; and now that she had disappeared, the family shared Nina's distress. Her mother took her upon her knee and told her she hoped her pet would be found; her father put on his hat to go out and inquire if the runaway had been seen up the village; the gardener was called from his work, and the haymakers from their supper: everything possible was done to try to recover the lost treasure of the bereaved little girl.

At length, when every one was becoming almost hopeless, and, as it was growing dark, the housekeeper, Mrs. Brockley, the most puzzle-headed of all puzzle-headed women, suddenly stood stock-still, as she was used to do when anything struck her, and cried out, "Dear me, that little beggar-boy, Gilbert Rock, was here this afternoon; he may have taken the bird; I should not much wonder if he had."

To the house of this suspected individual one of the haymakers was sent accordingly in quest of Miss's bird. Nina would have gone with him if she had been allowed, though it was now so dark that she could see nothing when she looked out. Never resting a moment while he was away, she thought the messenger would never come back, and her mother had no little trouble to keep her impatience within bounds. At last steps were heard in the stone hall;

she sprang off her mother's knee, and ran as fast as her feet could carry her, crying out—"Oh, Simon, Simon, have you found her?"

"No, Miss," replied the man, very slowly, "but I've brought you her feathers, and the thief that stole her away."

Poor Nina heard no more—this termination to Simon's search she had never expected, even in her moments of most wretched fear: and by this time the family were thronging round old Simon, listening, as well as her sobs would permit, to his tale. He said he had found the floor of Abby Rock's cottage all strewn with the feathers, and the head under the dresser; and heard the old woman say to Gilbert, "Thou dolt, not to bring her alive—who bade thee twist her neck round, I wonder?"

A clever son was Gilbert, and a nice mother was Abby Rock, were they not?

Leigh Hunt's Journal.

WHAT A DITCH CAN DO.

It was a hot, sultry evening, without a breath of wind; and nearly all the workmen, when work was over and supper done, loitered about smoking their pipes in the open air. John Hooper, one of the group, stood leaning on the barn door, watching his little Jack and Nelly at play with their kittens, and his wife, who sat on the step, with baby in her arms, stroking puss and teaching baby not to be frightened at her.

"Here comes Master Frank, with his brown dog," said Hooper. Frank was the farmer's son, and a general favorite.

"When is my sister to have the kitten?" asked Frank

"This very evening, if you please, sir," she answered. "Pray walk in and choose which you like."

"This is Whitefoot, sir, running after the ball," said Jack; "and those are Minnie and Jetty; and Vevvy—that means Velvet, sir—is playing by herself out there; which will you have?"

Frank stepped across the threshold, but his dog ran in before him, and was instantly attacked by the cat, furious in defence of her four children. A scene of confusion followed. In vain did Frank call "Wolf! lie down, sir!" The cat growled, spat, and scratched; Wolf barked and flew at her; the kittens scampered off in every direction; Jack and Nelly rushed about to protect them; and the baby screamed louder than all.

Peace was restored at last, but not till puss and her kittens had vanished from the field of battle; not a tail or a whisker was to be seen; and Wolf had slunk behind his master, looking very much ashamed. Jack and Nelly, aided by Frank, now began to search for their pets, and soon found three of the kittens,—one behind the press, another on a shelf among the tea cups, a third under some straw in the barn.

Puss herself was not to be seen, but that was no matter; she was most likely up a tree or on the roof; the fourth kitten, however, was not to be found, and they looked everywhere in vain.

At last Nelly's voice was heard from the end of the garden, calling, "Here's Whitefoot in the ditch! Come, father!"

They ran to the place and found Nelly, who had clambered down the steep side of the ditch, peeping into the black stream that lay almost stagnant at the bottom.

"Oh, I'm so sick, father," she cried. "It smells so bad, *and Whitefoot will not* come."

Hooper stooped down, stretched out his hand towards the kitten, and when he brought it out it was quite dead. Nelly began to cry bitterly at the sight.

"Why, Hooper, you are as pale as death!" exclaimed Frank.

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know myself," he replied, wiping his forehead and staggering against a tree. "Such a whiff went down my throat out of the ditch! Well," added he, after a pause, "I never heard of such a thing as a kitten being drowned in half a minute. It has hardly more than wetted its paws too, for it lay on a heap of dry bones and cabbage stalks in there."

"It strikes me very forcibly," said an old man who had joined them and stood by leaning on his stick,—"it strikes me very forcibly that the kitten was not drowned at all, but poisoned by the smell."

"Poisoned by the smell!" said Hooper, rather doubtingly; "what harm can a smell do? It's not pleasant, certainly, but it cannot kill a cat, that I am very sure of."

"I don't know that," said the old man. "Where I was at work near London, some years ago, there were several narrow lanes and places where they never could keep a cat alive; and so sure as ever a cat died, so sure some of the people of the house were taken with fever. At last they left off trying to keep cats, because they brought bad luck, as the folks said."

Now the whole thing was as clear to Frank as the sun at noon; and he decided with old George on a plan of flushing the ditch by turning the branch of a running stream into it.

Accordingly, next morning, four men appeared at an appointed time, and worked with Frank for two hours, and so continued to do for a whole week. Then they suc-

ceeded in turning a good stream of water into the ditch, which began instantly to produce a wonderful change for the better. And they were enabled to finish their undertaking in excellent style, for the farmer gave them wood to cover in the ditch; and then they laid sods over the whole, by way of a finish.

Meanwhile, however, Hooper lay at death's door, with "the fever." But, however it may have been, certain it was that he began to mend from the day this work was done.

Charm of Interesting Stories.

READY MONEY AND CREDIT.

Of course you all know what is meant by paying ready money for a thing. When you buy a loaf at the baker's, or a pound of sugar at the grocer's, you have money to pay for it. That is also called cash-payment, as cash is another word for money.

But some people sometimes don't pay at the time they make purchases, but delay payment till they get money. That is a very bad plan, I think; for the expected money may not be so easily got. However, the baker, or grocer, or butcher, or draper, believes that it will be forthcoming by and by; so he *trusts*, or gives the things on trust or credit. This makes it very easy for you at the time, but it is not very safe; and it is more dangerous for you to *take* credit than for the tradesman to *give* it.

But, probably, you know already about that way of taking credit. I can tell you another way, which I daresay you have not thought of, but which you have practised in one way or another, for all that. Did you never take credit on

yourself? "How can that be?" I hear you say; "certainly I could not receive ready money *from* myself, how, then, could I take credit on myself?"

Not so fast, Master Doubter. When you last ate an unripe apple, had you not a headache, and, perhaps, a colic too? Well, the momentary pleasure of swallowing the apple was overweighed by the credit or trust you had in your stomach. Now, Mr. Stomach is a most obliging banker; but, reasonably enough, he is chary of granting accommodations* without a chance of compensation. And should the risk be great, he demands speedy repayment with high interest.† He has a hundred ways, too, of finding out the worth and characters of his customers. Himself a prudent and long-headed man, the most knowing can neither outwit nor overreach him; and he who is foolhardy enough to resist his lawful claims by force, falls in the contest,—slowly, perhaps, but surely. After all, then, you can, if you *will*, take credit on yourself.

Again, when you last wore tight shoes, perhaps the pain was not felt so much as when you took them off some time afterwards. The time during which pain was suspended was then the period of credit: payment for the abuse your foot suffered was merely put off. At last it came, however, with a heavy interest in the shape of corns and bunions.

Often in passing little cottages, or through narrow streets, I have seen filth of every description lying about, or collected in what is called a "cesspool." The people living there put up with the disagreeable smells and nauseous sights, because they cannot trouble themselves to

* *Accommodations*, loans.

† *Interest*, premium given for the use of money; *e.g.* 5*l.* for the loan of 100*l.* for a year, or 5 per cent. per annum. [The money lent is called the *principal.*]

carry the filth elsewhere. "It is of no consequence," they say, "it does no harm." No! It does not bark or snap at them, or prick them, or make them feel any particular pain, *just yet.* It does not make their legs, arms, or heads pay ready money. But wait a little, perhaps all three will smart for it in due time.

Look at those masses of offal and putrid matter! The smell is occasioned by floating particles of it entering your nostrils and mouth. These rapidly spread, and thicken the air, more than a shower of fine flour would do: it is no longer fresh healthy air. Every moment the floating particles increase like an invisible smoke. Every breath draws some of that poisonous matter into your bodies, and taints your blood. Gradually you feel weak and sickly; "and a band of pain across your brow." Your motions are sluggish, and you are as pale as whitewash. Why, if you remained here any length of time, you would even become reckless, discontented, vicious, and poor; and all through the "harmless dirt." Wonderful dirt!

Presently you hear of one being stricken down by "*the* fever;" and then another and another. They were not required to pay ready money. "No! Why should they, indeed! So long as they could have credit." Pay ere long, however, they must.

It is the same with the foul air of a room; the same with the glutton, who must suffer for his surfeit; and the drunkard for his debauch. In short, I could show you a thousand ways how you can, and perhaps *do*, take credit on yourselves by violating, through ignorance or vice, *the laws of God.*

Editor.

THE EMPEROR AND THE PEASANT.

THE Czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, often went out disguised, in order to satisfy his own mind as to the condition of his subjects.

One day, in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village, and pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged, his appearance mean; but what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers, and ensured a kind reception, produced a refusal.

Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he noticed another dwelling to which he had not yet applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the village. The Emperor hastened to this, and knocked at the door. A peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted. "I am almost dying with fatigue and hunger," answered the Czar; "can you give me a night's lodging?" "Alas!" said the peasant, "you will have but poor fare; you have come at an unlucky time—for my wife is unwell; but come in, come in, you will at least be sheltered from the cold, and what we have you shall be welcome to."

The peasant then led the Czar into a little room full of children; in a cradle were two infants sleeping soundly. A girl three years old was sleeping on a rug near the cradle. "Stay here," said the peasant to the Emperor, "I will go and get something for your supper." He went out and soon returned with some black bread, eggs, and honey. "You see all I can give you," said the peasant; "partake of it with my children. I must go and nurse my wife."

The good peasant then went to his wife, and shortly returned, bringing with him a baby, who was to be chris-

tened on the morrow. The Emperor took the infant in his arms, saying, "I know, from the appearance of this child, that he will be fortunate." The peasant smiled at the prophecy; and at that instant the two eldest girls came to kiss baby before going to bed, and their grandmother came also to take him back. The little ones followed her; and the host, laying himself down upon his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the same. In a moment the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep.

The peasant awoke at break of day, and his guest, on taking leave of him, said, "I must return to Moscow, my friend; I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your kind treatment of me. I can prevail upon him to stand godfather to your child. Promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me, that I may be present at the christening; I will be back in three hours at the latest." The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise; but, in the good nature of his heart, he consented to the stranger's request.

The Czar went away; the three hours were soon gone, and nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, as well as his family, were preparing to carry the child to church; but, as he was about to leave his cottage, he heard on a sudden the trampling of horses and the rattling of many carriages. He knew the imperial guards, and instantly called his family to come and see the Emperor go by. They all ran out in a hurry, and stood before their door.

The horses, men, and carriages soon formed a half-circle, and the state carriage of the Czar stopped opposite the peasant's door. The carriage door was opened, the Czar alighted; and advancing to his host, thus addressed him: "I promised you a godfather; I have come to fulfil my promise; give me your child, and follow *me to* the church." The peasant stood like a statue,

looking at the Emperor with astonishment. In all this pomp and show he could not discover the poor stranger who had lain all night with him on the straw.

The Emperor for some moments silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then said: "Yesterday you performed the duties of humanity; to-day I have come to discharge the most delightful duty of a Sovereign — that of recompensing virtue. Your child shall become my ward*; for you may remember," continued the Emperor, smiling, "that I predicted he would be fortunate."

The good peasant now understood the case; with tears in his eyes he ran instantly to fetch the child, brought him to the Emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. The excellent Sovereign took the child in his arms, and carried him to the church.

The Czar faithfully kept his promise; he caused the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his further settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap kindnesses on the virtuous peasant and his family.

Anon.

* *Ward*, a child placed under a guardian.

AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

SEBITUANÉ was about forty-five years of age; of a tall and wiry form; of an olive, or coffee-and-milk, color, and slightly bald; in manner though cool and collected, more frank in his answers than any chief I ever met.

He was the greatest warrior ever heard of beyond the colony, and he always led his men into battle himself. When he saw the enemy, he felt the edge of his battle-axe, and said: "Aha! it is sharp, and whoever turns his back on the enemy will feel its edge."

So fleet of foot was he, that all his people knew there was no escape for the coward, as any such would be cut down without mercy. In some instances of skulking, he allowed the individual to return home; then calling him, he would say: "Ah, you prefer dying at home to dying in the field, do you? You shall have your desire." This was the signal for his immediate execution.

He had not only conquered all the black tribes over an immense tract of country, but had made himself dreaded by the most powerful neighbouring chiefs.

Sebituané knew everything that happened in the country; for he had the art of gaining the affections both of his own people and of strangers. When a party of poor men came to his town to sell their wares, no matter how ungainly they might be, he soon knew them all.

A company of these strangers would be surprised to see him come alone to them, and, sitting down, inquire if they were hungry. He would order a servant to bring meal, milk, and honey, and make them feast, perhaps for the first time in their lives, on a lordly dish.

Delighted beyond measure with his kindness and liberality, they felt their hearts warm towards him, and gave

him all the information in their power; and as he never allowed a party of strangers to go away without giving every one of them, servants and all, a present, his praises were sounded far and wide. "He has a heart! he is wise!" were the usual expressions we heard before we saw him.

He was much pleased with the proof of confidence we had shown in bringing our children with us, and promised to take us over his country, so that we might choose a part in which to settle. Poor Sebituané, however, just after obtaining what he had so long ardently desired, fell sick of inflammation of the lungs, which arose from an old wound. I saw his danger, but, being a stranger, I feared to treat him medically, lest, in the event of his death, I should be blamed by his people. I mentioned this to one of his doctors, who said: "Your fear is prudent and wise; this people would blame you."

On the Sunday afternoon in which he died, when our usual religious service was over, I visited him with my little boy Robert. "Come near," said Sebituané, "and see if I am any longer a man; I am done."

He was thus sensible of the dangerous nature of his disease; so I ventured to agree with him as to his danger, and added a single sentence regarding hope after death. "Why do you speak of death?" said one of the native doctors; "Sebituané will never die." If I had persisted, the impression would have been produced, that, by speaking about it, I wished him to die.

After sitting with him some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, I rose to leave, when the dying chieftain raising himself up a little from his reclining position, called a servant, and said, "Take Robert to Mannku (one of his wives), and tell her to give him some milk." These were the last words of Sebituané.

Livingstone.

HEROISM OF A MINER.

In a certain Cornish mine, two miners, deep down in the shaft, were engaged in putting in a shot for blasting. They had completed their affair, and were about to give the signal for being hoisted up. One at a time was all the assistant at the top could manage, and the second was to kindle the match, and then mount with all speed.

Now it chanced, while they were still below, that one of them thought the match too long. He accordingly tried to break it shorter. Taking a couple of stones, a flat and a sharp, he succeeded in cutting it the required length; but, horrible to relate, he kindled it at the same time, while both were still below! Both shouted vehemently to the man at the windlass; both sprang at the basket. The windlass man could not move it with both in it.

Here was a moment for poor Miner Jack and Miner Will! Instant, horrible death hangs over them. Will generously resigns himself. "Go aloft, Jack; sit down; away! in one minute I shall be in heaven!"

Jack bounds aloft, the explosion instantly follows, bruising his face as he looks over; but he is safe above ground.

And what of poor Will? Descending eagerly, they find him, as if by miracle, buried under rocks which had arched themselves over him. He is little injured. He too is brought up safe. Well done, brave Will!

Thomas Carlyle.

Stories of Animals.

STORIES OF ANIMALS.

THE DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

FAR, up the Great St. Bernard, one of those high mountains of the Alps, which are covered with almost perpetual snow, stands a famous Convent.* There the terrible avalanches often fall into the plains below, and the hollow places of the mountains, with a noise like thunder. These are great masses of snow, which hang so loosely on the sides of the mountains, that the slightest sound, which causes the air to tremble, will make them slip downwards. The traveller is often in fear, lest they should come tumbling down, and bury him in a deep snowy grave. Again, in these mountains, the snow-storms are so thick, that one's eyes get soon blinded, while the passes become so blocked up, that it is almost impossible to find the way.

"Supposing you were taking a journey across the Alps, from Switzerland into Italy, and that such a storm came on, while the night was drawing near, and you were weary with travelling, and nearly perishing with cold; what would you do?"

"I would look for the Convent of St. Bernard."

"Ah! but you are hemmed in with rocks on all sides, and the road every moment is becoming more and more impassable, and by and by every trace of it will disappear."

* *Convent*, a religious institution where men, called monks, reside for the purpose of being apart from the world; a monastery. [Also = nunnery, used for females, (nuns)].

"I should just lie down and die."

"That is what many have done, and you would be all the more disposed to do so, because the excessive cold would make you feel overcome with sleep. The whole of your body would begin to feel numb, as your foot does when you complain that it is *asleep*, and soon you would be quite unable to go any farther.

"Well, suppose that at the very moment you were about to give all up in despair, you heard the deep baying of a dog, coming nearer and nearer, amid the darkness and snow-drift, would not that be the sweetest sound you ever heard in your life? And how thankful you would be, if, while yet able to hold on for a little, you noticed a couple of large, noble-looking dogs coming up to you—one having a flask of cordial tied to his neck, and the other, carrying a cloak to wrap around you. Would you not for one moment believe that these were the guardian spirits of the mountains, in a brute form?

"How eagerly you would untie the flask with your trembling hands, and drink! And how gratefully wrap the cloak around you! While the dogs, delighted with their success, and looking up at you with happy intelligence, would place themselves, one on either side, take a piece of the cloak in their teeth, and so pull you along to the convent.

"Or, supposing you had already lain down and could see or hear nothing, the dogs would at once see how matters stood. They would hasten back to fetch the monks, who would speedily accompany them to the spot; carry you to the convent, and have you rubbed and warmed, till the life-blood began to flow again, and you awoke, to know that you were saved.

"Even were you buried in the snow, these noble animals would know, by their keen sense of smell, exactly where *you lay; they* would scrape with their feet until your body

was uncovered, and would bark loudly, endeavouring to make themselves heard; and if they did not succeed, would run for human help as fast as possible.

"One dog saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who would have perished without his aid, and he wore a medal round his neck, which was given him in honor of his deeds. I shall tell you the manner in which he met with his death: —

"At the foot of the mountain of St. Bernard is situated the little village of St. Pierre; and there dwelt, among others, a poor courier, whose business it was to carry letters and messages across the mountain into Piedmont — that part of Italy which lies at the foot of the other side of the Alps. Well, one time, when he was on his way back to his home, it happened that one of the most terrible storms came on which was ever known in these regions. With great difficulty he made his way to the convent, and there the kind monks did all they could to persuade him to remain until the storm had passed away. But the desire of seeing his family overcame all the warnings of prudence. He thought they would make themselves miserable, by imagining that he had perished in the storm; and this indeed was the truth. At that very moment they were wandering about in quest of him, and were toiling up the mountain's steep, slippery sides.

"The poor man's heart told him he must proceed, and the monks spoke to him in vain. All they could do was to furnish him with two guides, attended by two dogs, one of which was the valuable animal I spoke of. But the courier and his family never met. Two avalanches were just then trembling before their fall. A crackling sound was heard; then a crash like thunder. Courier, wife, children, guides, and dogs — all found a grave under the eternal snows."

Lessons in Natural History.

SAM, THE PET DOG.

A DARK brown retriever*, named Sam, was in the habit of going into a kennel of hounds, who always crowded round and caressed him. When they were in the field exercising, Sam was told to go and amuse them; he then went among them, jumped, and played all sorts of antics†, leaping and tumbling about in the most laughable manner,—they looking amused at him the while.

He went with his master to call upon a lady; she patted him, asked if he were the celebrated Sam, and, hearing he was, she invited him to stay with her. Sam's owner petted and praised him; told him to be a good dog, and to stay with the lady, until she had given him his breakfast on the following morning. The dog was contented to remain; ate his breakfast in the morning; then, looking up in the lady's face, wagged his tail, left the house, and ran home.

He was in the habit of fetching his master's clothes, and of returning them to their proper places; and he knew their names. He sat in a chair at dinner with the family without making any confusion; or dined alone, alternately taking a piece of bread and meat, and then drinking a little milk; and if any one said "Give me a piece, Sam?" he instantly obeyed.

When all was gone, he cleared away the things. He would fetch his master's horse from the inn, pay the hostler, and ride back upon the saddle. In short, he seemed to understand every thing that was said to him, and he was a model of good nature and obedience.

Mrs. Lee.

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* *Retriever*, a variety of dog, trained to fetch dead or wounded game.
† *Antics*, funny, comical, grotesque movements.

BILL, THE FIRE ESCAPE DOG.

THERE is a fine band of men in London who have charge of the fire-escapes: which are immense movable ladder-machines, by which people descend of themselves, or are conveyed, from the windows of a house on fire. Samuel Wood, one of the bravest of these men, has saved more than one hundred men, women and children, from the flames! Much of Wood's success, however, is justly due to his wonderful little dog "Bill." Around his neck the parishioners of Whitechapel have placed a silver collar, in token of his valuable services, during the nine years that he has filled the important post of "Fire-escape Dog."

"Bill," like his master, has to be very wakeful, and at his post of duty during the whole of the night, and therefore he sleeps during the day close to his master's bed. He never attempts to run out of doors until the hour approaches at which they must go to the "Station."

Bill does not allow his master to sleep too long. He is sure to wake him if he is likely to be late! How the dog knows the time is a puzzle, but know it he does! When the fire-escape is wheeled out of the Whitechapel Churchyard, at nine o'clock, Bill is promptly at his post. When an alarm of fire is heard, Bill, who is at other times very quiet, now begins to bark most furiously. Wood has no occasion to spring his rattle, for the policemen all around know Bill's bark so well that they at once come up to render help.

If the alarm of fire takes place when but few people are in the streets, Bill runs round to the coffee-houses near, and pushing open the doors, gives his well-known bark, as much as to say, "Come and help, men! come and help." Bill has not to bark in vain. His call is cheerfully obeyed.

In dark nights the lantern has to be lit, when "Bill" at once seizes hold of it, and like a "herald," runs on before his master. When the ladder is erected "Bill" is at the top before his active master has reached half way! He jumps into the rooms, and amid thick smoke and the approaching flames, runs from room to room, helping his master to find and bring out the poor inmates.

On one occasion, the fire burned so rapidly, and the smoke in the room became so thick that Wood and another man were unable to find their way out. They feared that escape was now hopeless. "Bill" seemed at once to understand the danger in which his kind master was placed, and he began to bark. Half suffocated, Wood and his comrade, knowing this to be the signal "FOLLOW ME," at once crawled after "Bill," and in a few moments they were led to the window, and thus their lives were saved.

Richly does "Bill" deserve his silver collar. It bears this inscription: —

> "I am the Fire-escape-man's dog. My name is Bill.
> When 'FIRE' is called, I'm never still.
> I bark for my master; all danger I brave,
> To bring the 'escape,' man's life for to save."

Poor "Bill," like human beings, has had his trials and sufferings, as well as honors. At one fire, he fell through a hole burnt in the floor, into a tub of scalding water, from which he suffered dreadfully, and narrowly escaped a painful death. On three other occasions he had the misfortune to be run over; but, with careful doctoring, he was soon able to return to his duties.

Band of Hope.

FIDELE.*

THE famous Swedish dog, Fidele, was in 1825 in the prime of youth and strength, when his owner died. Fidele silently followed his master's funeral to the churchyard of Saint Mary in Stockholm; and when the grave was filled up, he laid himself down upon it for the rest of his life. It was in vain that a number of persons tried to entice him away: he resisted all their efforts, and seemed to take an interest in nothing save his master's tomb.

A lady, touched by this faithful affection, brought him food every day; and during the winter, she sent him carpets and blankets. The dog, constant in his grief, remained several years on the grave, summer and winter, day and night, with his eyes constantly fixed on the resting-place of him whom neither absence nor time could efface from his memory.

Neither the cries, nor games of children, nor any other noise could attract his attention or amuse him. The snow fell in large flakes, the air was bitterly cold, and the wind howled: he heeded them not, but remained at his post. One day, his benefactress† being prevented by illness from paying the dog her usual attentions, some wretched beggars carried off his food. Fidele lay down without murmuring, and peacefully fell asleep. The following day, the theft was repeated. Fidele rose, under the last instinct of self-preservation; but, from sheer exhaustion, he presently laid himself down again; closed his eyes, and breathed his last.

Anon.

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* *Fidele* (pron. fee-dell), faithful.

† *Benefactress* (masc. benefactor), one who shows kindness to another.

A SCIENTIFIC DOG.

Among the many surprising stories that are told of the intelligence of the dog, the following one is given as a fact. A large dog was playing in a road near a country village, and a carriage went over one of his paws; he howled most piteously, and some farriers* who were at work in a shop close by came out to see what was the matter. One of them, noticing that the poor animal was much hurt, took him up, dressed his paw and wrapped it up, and then let him go.

The dog went home, where he remained for some days. At length, his paw becoming painful, he returned to the farrier's, and holding it up, moaned, to show that it pained him. The farrier dressed it again; and the dog, after licking his hand as a sign of gratitude, returned home, and in a few days was well.

Some months afterwards the same dog was frolicking with another not far from the spot, and a similar accident happened to the latter; upon which he took him by the ear, and with much difficulty led him to the farrier's shop, where he himself had been so well doctored. The workmen were much amused at the sagacity of the animal, and paid as much attention to the new patient as they had to the former one.

Bingley.

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* *Farriers*, smiths, who make horse-shoes, &c.

A REVENGEFUL TERRIER.

EVERY one knows the little terrier dog. He is by nature fitted for burrowing in the ground after rats and other vermin. The English terrier has a smooth glossy coat, but the Scotch or Skye terrier is remarkable for his shaggy coat and rough independence of character. At the same time, like every one who is truly conscious of his power, he is quiet and inoffensive, excepting when his personal liberties are interfered with. He is also a prudent animal, as the following story, related by an excellent authority, Mr. Bingley, clearly shows: —

A gentleman of Whitmore, in Staffordshire, used to go twice a year to London, and being fond of exercise, generally performed the journey on horseback. He was in the habit of being accompanied by a faithful little terrier dog. Fearing, however, to lose it in London, he always left it in the care of Mrs. Langford of the Inn at St. Albans; and on his return he was sure to find his little companion well taken care of.

The gentleman once calling as usual for his dog, Mrs. Langford appeared before him with a woeful countenance: — "Alas! sir, your terrier is lost. Our great house-dog and yours had a quarrel, and the poor terrier was so bitten before we could part them, that I thought it could never get the better of it. But, crawling out of the yard, no one saw it for about a week. The terrier then returned, accompanied by another dog far bigger than ours, and they both together fell on our great one and bit him unmercifully. Your dog and its companion then disappeared and have never since been seen or heard of."

But, lo! on the gentleman's arrival at Whitmore he found his terrier; and was told, that it had been to Whitmore, and had evidently coaxed away the great dog to avenge its injury. *Bingley.*

AN INGENIOUS DOG.

At a convent in France twenty paupers* were served with a dinner at a certain hour every day. A dog belonging to the convent did not fail to be present at this meal to receive the scraps which were now and then thrown to him. The paupers, however, were hungry, and of course not very charitable, so that their pensioner† did little more than scent the feast of which he would fain have partaken.

The portions were served by a person at the ringing of a bell, and delivered out by means of what, in religious houses, is called a *tour*.‡ This is a machine like the half of a basin, that, on being turned round, exhibits whatever has been placed in it, without discovering the person at the other side, who moves it.

One day this dog which had received only a few scraps, waited till all the paupers had left; he then took the rope in his mouth and rang the bell. The trick succeeded. He repeated it the next day with the same good fortune. At length the cook finding that twenty-one portions were given out instead of twenty, was determined to discover the thief. He accordingly lay in wait for him; and his suspicion at last fell on the dog. This proved to be a fact on his seeing the animal remain with great patience till the paupers had all gone, and then pull the bell.

The story was told to the monks; and to reward him for his ingenuity the dog was allowed to ring the bell every day, and a mess of broken victuals was henceforth constantly served out to him. *Bingley.*

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* *Paupers*, poor persons who subsist on the charity of the public.

† *Pensioner*, one who subsists on the bounty of another.

‡ *Tour* (toor), a turning-machine; an application of it is used as a *manger*.

A PRICELESS DOG.

A GENTLEMAN was lately returning from a visit to New Orleans, in a steamer, with but a few passengers. Among the ladies, one especially interested him. She was the wife of a wealthy planter, returning with an only child to her father's house; and her devotion to this child was touching.

While passing through the canal of Louisville, the steamer stopped for a few moments at the quay.* The nurse, wishing to see the city, was stepping ashore, when the child suddenly sprang from her arms into the terrible current that swept towards the falls, and disappeared immediately. The confusion which ensued attracted the attention of a gentleman who was sitting in the fore part of the boat, quietly reading. Rising hastily, he asked for some article the child had worn. The nurse handed him a tiny apron she had torn off in her efforts to save the child as it fell. Turning to a splendid Newfoundland dog that was eagerly watching his countenance, the gentleman pointed first to the apron, and then to the spot where the child had sunk.

In an instant, the noble dog lept into the water, and disappeared. By this time the excitement was intense, and some person on shore supposing that the dog was lost, as well as the child, procured a boat and started to search for the body.

Just at this moment the dog was seen far away with something in his mouth. Bravely he struggled with the waves, but it was clear his strength was failing fast, and more than one breast gave a sigh of relief as the boat reached him and it was announced that he was still alive. They were brought on board — the dog and the child.

* *Quay* (key), platforms for embarking or disembarking passengers.

Giving a single glance to satisfy herself that the child was really living, the young mother rushed forward, and sinking beside the dog, threw her arm around his neck and burst into tears. Not many could bear the sight unmoved, and as she caressed and kissed his shaggy head, she looked up to his owner, and said: —

"Oh, sir, I must have this dog, take all I have — everything — but give me my child's preserver."

The gentleman smiled, and patting his dog's head, said, "I am very glad, madam, he has been of service to you, but nothing in the world could induce me to part with him."

The dog looked as though he perfectly understood what they were talking about, and giving his sides a shake, laid himself down at his master's feet, with an expression in his large eyes that said plainer than words, "No! nothing shall part us."

Anon.

A SAGACIOUS SHEEP-DOG.

ONCE, as I was driving in a gig through Teviotdale, I came to a flock of sheep, which completely blocked up the road. They were attended by a shepherd, with his sheep-dog.

The shepherd appeared suddenly to lose his presence of mind, and began to hoot and hollo at the innocent obstacles to my further progress. They were rapidly becoming bewildered.

The dog, seeing the confusion his master was creating, exchanged glances with me, and immediately seemed to comprehend the case. Instead of rushing headlong at his charges, and thus piling them up inextricably in one spot, he gently passed up the side of the flock, clearing, as he went, a lane sufficiently broad to allow of my passing with *ease.*

Editor.

ATTACHMENT OF DOGS TO THEIR MASTERS.

THE attachment of the dog to his master, united with an unfailing memory, has led to some remarkable disclosures* of crime.

We are told by Plutarch, a Greek writer, of a certain Roman slave in the civil wars†, whose body none dared to remove, for fear of the dog that guarded it, and fought in its defence.

It happened that king Pyrrhus, travelling that way, observed the animal watching over the corpse; and, hearing that he had been there three days without meat or drink, the king ordered the body to be buried, and the dog preserved and brought to him.

A few days afterwards there was a muster‡ of the soldiers, so that every man was forced to march in order before the king. The dog lay quietly by the king's side for some time; but when he saw the murderers of his late master pass by, he flew upon them with extraordinary fury, barking, and tearing their clothes. This excited the king's suspicion.

The men were seized: they confessed the crime, and were accordingly punished.

Anon.

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* *Disclosures*, revelations of secrets: things brought to light; discoveries.

† *Civil wars*, wars between parties of the same state or nation.

‡ *Muster*, an assembling of troops for review, &c.

THE MURDERER AND HIS DUMB ACCUSER.

An old writer mentions a singular instance of attachment and revenge which occurred in France in the reign of Charles V. : —

A gentleman named Macaire, an officer in the king's body guard, cherished a bitter hatred against another gentleman, named Aubrey, his comrade in service. These two having met in a forest, near Paris, Macaire took the opportunity of treacherously murdering his brother officer; and he buried him in a ditch.

Aubrey was accompanied at the time by a greyhound, with which he had probably gone out to hunt. It is not known whether the dog was muzzled*, or from what other cause it permitted the deed to be accomplished without its interference. Be this as it may, the hound lay down on the grave of its master, and there remained till hunger compelled it to rise.

It then went to the kitchen of one of Aubrey's dearest friends, where it was welcomed warmly, and fed. As soon as its hunger was appeased †, the dog disappeared. For several days this coming and going was repeated, till curiosity was excited. It was resolved to follow the animal, and see if anything could be learned in explanation of Aubrey's sudden disappearance.

The dog was accordingly followed, and was seen to come to a pause on some newly turned-up earth, where it made the most mournful wailings and howlings. Digging into the ground at the spot, they found the body of Aubrey. It was raised, and conveyed to Paris, where it was soon afterwards interred in one of the city cemeteries.

The dog attached itself thenceforth to the friend of its late

* *Muzzled*, the mouth bound to prevent biting.

† *Appeased*, satisfied.

master. While attending on him, it chanced several times to get a sight of Macaire, and on every occasion it sprang upon him, and would have strangled him, had it not been taken off by force. This intensity of hate, on the part of the animal, awakened the suspicion that Macaire had had some share in Aubrey's murder.

Charles V., on being informed of the circumstances, wished to satisfy himself of their truth. He caused Macaire and the dog to be brought before him, and beheld the animal again springing upon the object of its hatred. The king questioned Macaire closely, but the latter would not admit, that he had been, in any way, connected with Aubrey's murder.

Being strongly impressed by a conviction that the behaviour of the dog was grounded on some guilty act of Macaire, the king ordered a combat to take place between the officer and his dumb accuser. This remarkable combat took place in presence of the whole court. The king allowed Macaire to have a strong club, while, on the other hand, the only defence allowed to the dog was an empty cask, into which it might retreat, if hard pressed.

The combatants appeared. The dog seemed perfectly aware of its situation and duty. For a short time it lept actively around Macaire, and then, at one spring, it fastened itself upon his throat in so firm a manner, that he could not disentangle himself. He would have been strangled, had he not cried for mercy, and confessed his crime. He was freed from the fangs of the dog only to perish by the hands of the law. *Anon.*

OLD GRIM.

THE dogs used for drawing sledges over the ice, in polar countries, are very sagacious and faithful to their masters. On them, indeed, the latter are entirely dependent for their existence. Here is a tribute to the memory of one of these dogs, by a famous traveller, who was wintering in his ship on the ice: —

"There is an excitement in our little society. Old Grim is missing, and has been for more than a day. Since the death of Cerberus, my leading Newfoundlander, he has been patriarch * of our scanty kennel.

"Old Grim was 'a character,' such as perhaps may be found among beings of a higher order. A profound hypocrite and time-server, he so wriggled his flattering tail as to secure every one's good graces and nobody's respect. All the spare morsels — the cast-off delicacies of the mess †, — passed through the winnowing jaws of 'Old Grim.' This is an illustration not so much of his delicacy, as his universality, of taste. He was never known to refuse anything offered, or to restrain himself from anything approachable; never known to be satisfied, however abundant the bounty or the spoil.

"Grim was an ancient dog: his teeth told of many winters, and his limbs, once splendid tractors ‡ for the sledge, were now covered with warts and ringbones. Somehow or other, when the dogs were harnessing for a journey, 'Old Grim' was sure not to be found; and on one occasion, when he was detected hiding away in a cast-off barrel, he suddenly became lame. Strange to say, he continued

* *Patriarch*, the oldest — reverenced on the score of age.

† *Mess*, the meals of soldiers or sailors.

‡ *Tractors*, drawers.

lame ever after, except when the team* was away without him.

"Cold disagreed with Grim; but by a system of patient watchings at the door of our deck-house, accompanied by a well-timed wag of his tail, he became at last the one privileged intruder. My seal-skin coat has been his favorite bed for weeks together.

"Whatever love for an individual Grim expressed by his tail, he could never be induced to follow him on the ice, after the cold darkness of the winter set in. Yet the dear, good, old dog would wriggle after one to the very threshold of the gangway †, and bid one good-bye in a manner that disarmed resentment.‡

"His appearance was quite peculiar: — his muzzle was roofed like the old-fashioned gable § of a Dutch garret-window; his forehead indicated the existence of the smallest amount of brains that could accord with his sanity ‖ as a dog; his eyes were small; his mouth was curtained by long black dewlaps; and his hide was a mangy russet ¶, studded with chestnut burrs.

"Poor dead Grim! We ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

Kane.

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* *Team*, a chain of horses or draught-animals of any kind.

† *Gangway*, passage into or out of a ship.

‡ *Disarmed resentment*, took away any ill-feeling which his selfishness naturally aroused.

§ *Gable*, the triangular upper part of the side of a building, between the eaves and the top; also the triangular fork surmounting a window or door.

‖ *Sanity*, healthiness of mind, &c.

¶ *Russet*, reddish brown color.

INSTINCT OF THE HORSE.

We see fellow-friendships manifested, to a great degree, between horses that inhabit the same stable, or draw together. The coachman well knows that he gets over his stage in less time, and with a great deal more pleasure, when old yoke-fellows are pulling together than when strange horses are paired. In some, the friendship is so intense, that they will neither eat nor rest when separated from each other.

Two Hanoverian horses had long served together, during the Peninsular War *, in the German artillery. They had assisted in drawing the same gun, and they had been inseparable companions in many battles. One of them was at last killed, and after the engagement was over, the survivor was sent to his post as usual, and his food brought to him. He refused, however, to eat, and was constantly looking about in search of his companion, sometimes neighing, as if to call him. All the care that was bestowed on him was of no avail. He was surrounded by other horses, but he did not notice them. Shortly he died, not having tasted food from the time his companion was killed.

We are all familiar with the docility of the dog, &c.; but the following example of the pitch of perfection to which horses may be trained is novel: —

Any one who has visited Astley's Circus in London, will recollect a fine black horse who surpassed all his companions. A tournament † is supposed to be held, and the horse comes galloping on the stage with a knight on his back. A lady, sitting on a kind of throne, drops her

* *Peninsular War*, that of Spain, &c., with Napoleon I.

† *Tournament*, a mock engagement on horseback. See Historical *Section, Book iii.*

handkerchief on the stage, which the horse immediately picks up with his mouth, and, turning his head round, presents it to his master, who immediately ties it round his arm, as a sign of his affection for the fair one.

Other knights enter, and the fight begins. It is carried on with great spirit for some time, until our favorite receives his death-wound, staggers and falls on the ground. The knight leaps from his back, and carries on the contest on foot. And then it is that the wonderful powers of the horse reach their highest pitch. Writhing through all the struggles of death, he at last becomes motionless and still as a stone.

It is interesting to observe how any very powerful feeling will arouse a wonderful amount of sense in the dullest and most stupid of animals. A curious instance of this came under a gentleman's notice a short time ago. An old cart mare, as stupid, on ordinary occasions, as she could well be, had a foal. One day, she came trotting up the village to her master's door, neighing, and seemingly very uneasy. Her master noticing it, said, "Something must be wrong;" and went out. The mare trotted off neighing; presently returned; and then advanced as before.

The man followed her, and she led him to the mill dam, where he found the foal had fallen in, and was nearly drowned. Having recovered her foal, the old mare relapsed into her former state of stupidity.

Again, two cart-horses were driven from a farm-yard to be watered at a brook which happened to be frozen over. One horse struck with his foot to break the ice, but it was too hard to yield. Then, however, the two horses, standing side by side, lifted each a foot together, and both struck with the hoof at one time. Thus by their united force they broke the ice. *Anecdotes in Natural History.*

SHEEP, AND THEIR INSTINCT TO FOLLOW THEIR LEADER.

In many parts of the East, each sheep has its name, and will come when called, like a dog. But when the flock becomes very large this is impracticable.* The shepherd then teaches certain sheep to come at his bidding. They obediently follow him, and the rest of the flock follow their leader.

To this instinct the shepherd can always trust, for it is unfailing. Wherever the leading sheep may choose to go, there the flock are sure to follow. Of this peculiarity there are many instances on record. A whole flock of sheep once committed suicide, from one of them taking a fancy to leap over a precipice — the rest following in rapid succession. This was only an exhibition of the same kind of instinct that occasioned a less terrible event: —.

A shepherd was taking his flock through some streets and, as might be expected, found considerable difficulty in guiding them. Finding that the flock were about to turn down a wrong street, he called out to a crossing-sweeper to keep them back. The old man did what he could, running up and down the line; but at last he came to a halt before a very obstinate sheep. Seeing by its looks that it was going to spring, he grasped his broom in both hands, and held it over his head. The sheep seems to have taken this attitude as a challenge †; for it instantly lept over the upraised broom, and that without touching it. She was followed by the entire flock—the poor man remaining in the same position as if petrified ‡ with astonishment. Petrified or not, he appeared to have taken the first step towards that change, for he was covered with mud, spattered upon him by the sheep. *Wood.*

* *Impracticable*, cannot be done.

† *Challenge*, invitation to a trial of strength or skill.

‡ *Petrified*, turned to stone; stupified.

THE AFFECTION OF THE SHEEP.

The following story of the extreme affection of which a sheep is capable, is related by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd:—

"A lamb of our flock had died, and its mother persisted in standing over its remains. I visited her every morning and evening for the first eight days, and never found her above two or three yards from the dead body. Often as I went my rounds, she eyed me long ere I came near her, and kept stamping with her foot and whistling through her nose, to frighten the dog away. He got a hard chase twice a day; but, however excited and fierce an ewe may be, she never offers any resistance to man, being perfectly and meekly passive to him.

"The weather was fine and warm, and the dead lamb soon decayed; but still the affectionate and resolute mother kept hanging over the poor remains with an attachment that seemed to be nourished by hopelessness. It often drew tears from my eyes to see her hanging with such fondness over a few bones, mingled with a small portion of wool.

"For the first fortnight she never quitted the spot, and for another week she visited it every morning and evening, uttering a few kindly and heart-piercing bleats. She remained at her post till every remnant of her offspring had vanished, mixing with the soil, or being wafted away by the winds."

Hogg.

THE MOUSE.

THE round, yet delicate form of the mouse, and the milder expression of its countenance, render it an object of greater attention than the rat, of which it is but a miniature.* It has the same destructive propensities; assembles also in vast numbers, and its habits of life are much the same as its great relative. There is a white variety, which is often reared as a pet.

Numbers of mice live together in nearly desert places, as long as there are a few blades of vegetation left; and they swarm on the borders of salt lakes, where not a drop of fresh water is to be had. Some of them lay up stores of food, especially those which inhabit northern countries.

Field mice do a great deal of damage to young plantations, by nibbling off the tender shoots. In order to catch them, pits, from eighteen to twenty inches deep, are sunk in the ground; these are made wider at the bottom than the top, so that they cannot easily get out. One hundred thousand were destroyed in this manner in the Forest of Dean, and about the same number in the New Forest.

They make very beautiful round nests, of curiously plaited blades of wheat, split into narrow strips with their teeth. These nests are hung to stalks or thistles; and nine tiny mice are often found in them.

I can bear witness to the possibility of taming mice, for I kept six in a box for several months, which were so well fed that they did not attempt to gnaw their dwelling. I had a sort of little cart made for them, with bone buttons for wheels, and a packthread harness. On being taken out of the box, they remained perfectly quiet till the harness was put on; and when that was done they started off at full gallop along the top of a square

* *Miniature*, the same on a small scale.

piano. Of course, care was taken to turn them back when they reached the end; but they soon learned to turn of their own accord, and performed their journey with as much regularity as well-trained horses. Death deprived me of my steeds; and I suspect it was in consequence of injudicious cramming.

During an illness of some weeks' duration, mice were to me a source both of amusement and annoyance.

A small table stood by my bedside, having on it a basin full of cold tea, which was my night drink. On one occasion my light was extinguished, and I heard a scratching against the legs of the table. I guessed the cause, and tried to frighten away the thief; but he succeeded in mounting the table, for I presently heard something flop into the tea. All was silent, and I concluded the intruder was drowned. When daylight came, there sat poor mousie holding up his little chin just above the tea.

When I was allowed to eat, my appetite was kindly tempted by dainties sent to me by friends, which were placed under tin covers, on the top of a chest of drawers. The endeavours of my companions to get at these were excessively droll. They thought if they could but get to the top of the cover, they should succeed; so they mounted upon each others' shoulders, and accomplished the feat, but not their purpose. Instead of getting inside, down they came in a body again.

Many of them combined together to push the cover off the dish; but it was too firm to be easily moved. One day they thought they had triumphed, for the cover was not quite fixed in one place. A summons to arms was evidently given, for presently a number of little paws were inserted to raise it still higher; but, alas! the cover slipped on their paws, and they were once more foiled.

Mrs. Lee.

THE SADDLER'S PET RAT.

I KNEW a worthy whipmaker who worked hard at his trade to support a large family. He had prepared a number of strips of leather, by well oiling and greasing them. These he carefully laid by in a box, but, strange to say, they disappeared one by one: nobody knew anything about them, nobody had touched them.

However, one day as he was sitting at work in his shop, a large black rat, of the original British kind *, slyly poked his head out of a hole in the corner of the room, and coolly took a look about the place. Seeing all quiet, out he came, and ran straight to the box in which were kept the favorite leather strips. In he dived, and quickly reappeared, carrying in his mouth the most dainty morsel he could find. Off he ran to his hole, and vanished.

Having thus found out the thief, the saddler determined to catch him. He accordingly propped up a sieve † with a stick, and put a bait underneath. In a few minutes out came the rat again, smelling the inviting toasted cheese, and forthwith attacked it. The moment he began nibbling at the bait, down came the sieve, and he became a prisoner. "Now," thought he, "my life depends upon my behaviour when this horrid sieve is lifted up by that two-legged monster with the apron. He has a tolerably good-natured face, and I don't think he wants to kill me. I know what to do."

The whipmaker at length lifted up the sieve, being armed with a stick ready to kill Mr. Rat when he rushed

* *British kind*, i. e., the black; for the brown (Norwegian) rat was a subsequent importation.

† *Sieve* (siv), a wire gauze or net-work used for separating smaller particles of substances from the grosser.

out. What was his astonishment on seeing that he remained perfectly still. After a few moments, he walked quietly up the whipmaker's arm, and looked up in his face, as much as to say, "I am a poor innocent rat, and if your wife *will* lock up all the good things in the cupboard, why, I must eat your nice thongs. Rats must live as well as whipmakers."

The man then said, "Tom, I was going to kill you, but now I won't; let us be friends. I'll give you some bread and butter every day if you will not take my thongs and wax, and leave the shopman's breakfast alone. But I am afraid you will come out once too often — there are lots of dogs and cats about who won't be so civil to you."

He then put him down, and Mr. Rat leisurely retired to his hole. For a long time afterwards he found his breakfast regularly placed for him at the mouth of his hole; in return for which he, as in duty bound, became quite tame, running about the shop, and inquisitively turning over everything on the bench at which his protector was at work. He would even accompany him into the stables, when he went to feed the pony; and pick up the corn as it fell from the manger, keeping, however, a respectful distance from the pony's legs. His chief delight was to bask on the warm window-sill, in the mid-day sun.

This comfortable but unfortunate habit proved his destruction, for one very hot day as he lay taking his nap, the dog belonging to the bird-shop opposite spied him afar off and instantly dashed at him through the window. The poor rat, who was asleep at the time, awoke, alas! too late to save his life. The dog caught him, and took him into the road, where a few sharp squeezes and shakings soon finished him.

The fatal deed being done, the murderous dog left his bleeding victim in the dusty road, and, with ears and tail erect, walked away quite proud of his performance.

Curiosities of Nat. Hist.

THE RAMBLES OF A RAT: AND HOW HE MADE A FRIEND.

I ALWAYS ate my supper in the warehouse, but I need hardly say that Oddity and I were by no means the only rats who found a living in our home at the expense of our enemy, man. There were a good many of the species of the large brown Norwegian rat; but we usually kept out of their way, from a tender regard for our own ears.

There was one brown rat, however, whose fame had spread, not only in his own tribe, but in ours. For quickness of wit, readiness in danger, strength of teeth, and courage in using them, I have never yet met with his equal. Whiskerandos was a hero of a rat. Was it not he who in single combat had met and conquered a young ferret! an exploit in itself quite sufficient to establish his fame as a warrior.

Several scars upon the neck of Whiskerandos bore witness to this terrible encounter, and many others in which he had been engaged. He had lost one ear, and the other had been terribly torn; so that altogether he had paid for fame at the price of beauty. But he was strong and bold as ever, and his appearance one night in our warehouse created quite a sensation in the assemblage of rats.

He was always accompanied by another brown rat, that seemed to wait upon him, and pay him court, as though, having no merit of his own, Shabby fancied that he could borrow a little from a distinguished companion.

I own that I was afraid of Whiskerandos, and yet he passed without touching me: he was quite above the meanness of hurting a creature merely because he was weaker than himself. But Shabby gave such a savage snap at my ear that *I retreated* squeaking into the corner. I almost think that

I should have returned the bite, had not his formidable companion been so near; and it was probably this circumstance which gave the mean rat courage thus to attack me without provocation. From what I have heard of boys tormenting cats, mice, birds, or, indeed, anything that they can easily master, while they pay proper respect to bull-dogs and mastiffs, I have an idea that there are some Shabbys to be found even amongst them.

Well, one evening at supper-time, I chanced to look towards the fatal hole in which my six brothers had been caught, and I saw Whiskerandos and his follower merrily advancing towards it, doubtless attracted by a very enticing scent.

I do not know how man would have behaved in my position. These certainly were no friends of mine; but then they were rats — my own flesh and blood. I could not see them perish without warning them of their danger.

"Stop! stop!" squeaked I, keeping, however, at a respectful distance; "you are running right into a trap!"

Whiskerandos turned sharp round and faced me. I retreated several steps.

"Bite him, — fight him, — shake him by the neck!" cried Shabby; "he knows there is a dainty feast there, and he would keep it all for his ugly black friends!"

"You'll pay for your dainty feast if you go one foot farther!" I exclaimed; feeling, I confess, rather angry.

"Who's afraid?" cried the boaster, flinging up his hind legs with a saucy flourish as he scampered on. Snap! he was caught in the trap!

Poor rat! had he possessed the courage and skill of Whiskerandos himself, they would have availed him nothing. His miserable squeaking was louder than that of my six brothers all together. He would not take advice and he found the consequences.

Whiskerandos remained for some moments quite still, looking towards the dismal prison of his companion. He knew too well that it was impossible to rescue him now. Then, with a bound, such as few rats but himself could have made, he sprang to where I was standing.

"Blackie!" he exclaimed, "you have saved my life, and I shall never forget the kindness. Though you are black and I am brown, no matter. Let us be friends to the end of our days!"

"Agreed!" cried I; "let's rub noses upon it;" and noses we accordingly rubbed.

He never flinched from his word, that bold Whiskerandos. I never feared him from that hour; no, not even when I knew that he was hungry, and had tasted no food from morning till night. I knew that no famine would ever induce him to eat up his friend; and many a ramble have we had together, and through many strange paths has he led me. I ventured even into the haunts of the brown rats, for his presence was a sufficient protection. None would have dared to attack me while he was beside me,—I should hardly have been afraid even of a cat.

Play Hours.

THE WILD CAT.

THE wild cat inhabits the woods of mountainous countries. He lives on birds, rabbits, hares, rats, and mice; and creates havoc amongst poultry, lambs, kids, fawns, &c. He is much larger than the common cat. Some have been caught in America which measured, from the nose to the end of the tail, upwards of five feet. His hair is soft and fine; of a pale yellowish color, mixed with grey; his tail is thick and long; and he is one of the fiercest and most destructive beasts of prey.

A traveller in one of the western states of America relates the following anecdote of one:—

"I was plodding on in a waggon, over a level road, in the hot noon sun of a June day. Some ten yards ahead of me, a wild cat, leading three kittens, came out of the wood, crossed the road, and went into the bushes on my left. I thought what nice pets they would make, and wished I had one.

"When I came up I noticed one of the young ones at the edge of the bushes but a few feet off, and I heard, or thought I heard, the old one stealing along deep in the woods. I sprang out, snatched up the kitten, threw it into the waggon, jumped in, and started. When I laid hands on it, it mewed and kept mewing, and as I grasped the reins I heard a sharp growl and a crashing through the bush.

"I knew the old one was coming, and the next instant she sprang over the hedge and alighted in the road. She ran with her eyes flaming, her hair bristling, and her teeth grinning. She turned as on a pivot *, and gave an unearthly squall, as she saw me driving away. Then, bounding after me with furious yells, she gained on me so fast

* *Pivot*, a pin or peg on which a thing turns or revolves.

that, from very fear, I threw the kitten out and lashed the flying horse. The enraged animal halted for a moment to see that her kitten was safe; and then continued the chase, as though the recovery of her young one would not suffice without revenge.

"When I saw her at my back, I scarcely breathed for terror. At last her crying child recalled her. At this point I ventured to look back, and saw her standing with her young one in her mouth looking after me, as though she had half a mind to drop the kitten and give chase again. Urging on my horse, I did not feel quite safe until I had got some miles away. I made up my mind from that time forward to let kittens alone, and mind my own business."

Anon.

PUSS AND THE HAWK.

Every one must have noticed the love of a cat for her kittens, and the manner in which she brings them up—teaching them their lessons, as it were, and exercising their limbs and eyes by all manner of gambols. Unlike many animals, when her young arrive at years of discretion, and are able to gain their own living without her maternal care, she does not drive them away, but still [illegible]ndly feeling for them.

[illegible]nce, while a number of kittens were playing [illegible]aw near a barn door, a large hawk swooped [illegible]m and seized one of the kittens in his claws. [illegible]red* by the weight, he could not rise very [illegible]his gave the mother time to spring to the

[illegible]*umbered*, burdened and entangled.

rescue of her offspring. She immediately flew at the hawk, who, in self-defence, was forced to drop the kitten.

A regular battle then took place, the hawk at first gaining the advantage, in consequence of his power of flight. In a short time the cat, after losing an eye and getting her ears torn to ribbons, succeeded in breaking the wing of her enemy. Encouraged by this success, she sprang on the maimed hawk with renewed fury, and after a long struggle laid him dead at her feet. *Wood.*

TABBIE AND DICKIE.

A LADY of my acquaintance had both a pet canary and an equally beloved cat; the bird lived in her bedroom, and when alone she suffered him to fly about the room, for she could there keep out the cat. Chance, however, discovered that Tabbie was as fond of the canary as she was. To her surprise, one morning, she saw the bird perched upon the cat's body, without fear, and the cat evidently delighted. After that there was no further restraint, and the two pets were daily companions.

Their mistress, however, thought one day that she had bestowed a rash confidence in Tabbie. On hearing her give a slight growl, the lady looked and saw her seize the bird in her mouth. Then Tabbie lept on the bed; her tail like a fox's brush, her hair erect, and her eyes as big as four. Dickie was of course given up for lost.

The reason of all the commotion was this: the door being accidentally left open, a strange cat had come in. It was for the safety of the bird that Tabbie had seized him, and as soon as the intruder was put out of the room, she set her prisoner free. *Mrs. Lee.*

PRET, THE NURSE.

THREE years ago I had a lovely kitten presented to me. Her fur was of a beautiful blue-grey color, marked with glossy black stripes according to the most approved zebra or tiger fashion. She was so very pretty that she was named "Pret," and was, without exception, the wisest, most loving, and dainty pussy that ever crossed my path.

When Pret was very young, I fell ill of a severe fever. She missed me immediately from my accustomed place, sought for me, and placed herself at my door until she found a chance of getting into the room. This she soon accomplished, and began at once to try her best to amuse me with her little frisky kitten tricks and pussycat attentions.

But shortly, finding I was too ill to play with her, she placed herself beside me, and at once established herself as head nurse. In this capacity few human beings could have exceeded her in watchfulness, or shown more affectionate regard. It was truly wonderful to note how soon she learnt to know my different hours for medicine or food. During the night too, if my attendant was asleep, shè would call her, and if too sound to be awaked by mewing, she would gently nibble the nose of the sleeper. Having thus gained her purpose, Miss Pret would watch attentively the preparation of whatever was needed; then come, and lie down again with a gentle purr-purr.

The most wonderful part of her behaviour was, that she never was five minutes wrong as to the true time, even amid the stillness and darkness of night. Who shall say by what means this little creature was enabled to measure the fleeting moments, and how she connected the lapse of time with the needful attentions of a nurse?

Natural History: Routledge.

THE FISH AND THEIR LITTLE MISTRESS.

THERE was once a little girl six years old, residing in America, who had a most wonderful control over a class of animals hitherto thought to be untamable.

For a year or two previous, the little girl was in the habit of playing about the pond near her dwelling, and throwing crumbs into the water for the fish. By degrees these timid creatures became so tame as to come at her call, follow her about the pond, and eat from her hand.

A gentleman went down there with his daughter, to see the little creatures and their mistress. At first the fish were mistaken, and came up to the top of the water as the strangers approached; but in a moment they discovered their mistake, and whisked away in evident disappointment. Their own mistress then came up and called, and they crowded towards her, clustering about her hands to receive the crumbs.

She had, besides, a turtle, or tortoise, which had been injured in one of its feet. This creature lived in the pond, and seemed to be entirely under the control of the little girl, obeying her voice, and feeding from her hand.

It was charming to see the bright-eyed girl sporting with her obedient swarms of the finny tribe, touching their sides, and letting them slip through her hands.

Anon.

THE GRATEFUL PIKE.

AT a meeting in Liverpool, Dr. Warwick related an extraordinary instance of intelligence in a fish. When he resided near Durham, he was walking one evening in a park, and came to a pond where fish, intended for the table, were kept fresh. He took particular notice of a fine pike, of about six pounds' weight, which, when it observed him, darted hastily away. In so doing it struck its head

against a nail in a post, and as it afterwards appeared, fractured * its skull and turned the eye-ball on one side.

The agony of the animal appeared most horrible. It rushed to the bottom, and, boring its head into the mud, whirled itself round so rapidly that it was lost to the sight for a short time. It then plunged about the pond, and at length threw itself completely out of the water upon the bank.

The doctor went and examined it, and found that a very small portion of the brain was protruding † through the fracture in the skull. The fish remaining still for a short time, he put it again into the pond. It appeared at first greatly relieved; but in a few minutes it darted here and there, and plunged about, until it threw itself out of the water a second time. Then Dr. Warwick did what he could to relieve it, and again put it into the water. It continued for several times to throw itself out of the pond, and, with the assistance of the keeper, the doctor at length made a kind of pillow for the fish, which was then left in the pond to its fate.

Upon making his appearance at the pond on the following morning, the pike came towards him at the edge of the water, and actually laid his head upon his foot. The doctor examined the skull, and found it going on all right. He then walked backwards and forwards along the edge of the pond for some time, and the fish continued to swim up and down, turning whenever he turned; but being blind on the wounded side of its skull, it always appeared agitated when it lost sight of its benefactor.‡

On the next day he took some young friends to see the fish, which came to him as usual; and at length he actually taught it to come to him at his whistle, and feed out of his hands. *Philosophical Journal.*

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* *Fractured*, broken.

† *Protruding*, projecting, hanging out.

‡ *Benefactor;* see note, page 113.

PELISSON AND THE SPIDER.

MANY animals, such as the horse and the cow, are known to be fond of music. But this fondness we may hardly expect to find in so insignificant an animal as the spider. The following anecdote will offer a striking example of our mistaken notion: —

A gentleman named Pelisson, holding an office under the government of Louis the Fourteenth, was sentenced to five years' confinement in the Bastille. During his imprisonment, Pelisson, who knew the value of time and could not remain idle, occupied himself in reading and writing; and frequently, as a kind of relief from study, he would play on the flute. On these occasions he often remarked that a large spider, which had made its web in a corner of the room, came out of its hole, seemingly to listen to the music. Pelisson, to encourage it, would continue to play, and at last the insect became so familiar that it would approach him and feed in his hand.

The circumstance having come to the knowledge of the jailers, they felt bound to tell the Governor of the Bastille, who was a man incapable of pity.

Determined to deprive the prisoner of his insect-friend, the Governor went to his cell and said, "Well, Mr. Pelisson, I hear you have found a companion." "It is true," replied he, "and though we cannot converse, we understand each other very well." "But I can hardly believe what I have been told," said the Governor, "and I should like to be convinced of the truth."

Pelisson, not suspecting any bad intention, immediately called the insect, which came and fed in his hand, and allowed itself to be caressed. The Governor, watching an opportunity, brushed it off, and, crushing it under his foot, left the room without saying a word. *Anon.*

THE BOB-O-LINK.

LEANING idly over a fence, we once noticed a young "lord of the creation" amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful Bob-o-link perched itself upon the drooping bough of an apple-tree, which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat.

The boy seemed astonished at its impudence, and after regarding it steadily for a minute or two, he picked up a stone lying at his feet. He prepared to throw it, and steadied himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird; but lo, its throat swelled, and forth came: — "A link — a link — a l-i-n-k, Bob-o-link — Bob-o-link! — a-no-weet — a-no-weet! I know it — I know it! — a link — a link — a link — don't throw it! — throw it! — throw it!" And he didn't: slowly the little arm fell by his side, and the stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer!

We heard the songster through, and watched its unharmed flight, as did the boy with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feeling, we approached him and enquired, "Why didn't you stone it, my boy? you might have killed it and carried it home!" The poor little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression, half of shame and half of sorrow, he replied, "Couldn't! 'case he sung so!"

Anecdotes of Natural History.

ROBIN AND ROBINA.

EVERY one who has lived in the country has noticed the tame and docile character of the Robin. His confidence in man renders him a general favorite, and is his best security against danger.

"One of these pretty birds," writes a country gentleman, "passed a great part of five winters in my parlor. He soon came to know who kept the key of the larder, and whenever that key was turned, he would hop in fearlessly to receive cheese crumbs, which were his delight. He very soon became acquainted with the entrance to the kitchen, and the stairs which connected it with the parlor. If a fine day occurred, he seldom failed to go out, but always returned before night. His favorite resting-place was the fold of a festooned* window curtain. This, for his accommodation, was never dropped, and I had a little basket placed in it, in which he took great pleasure.

"When spring returned, he dispensed with the shelter which my home afforded him during the winter, and set out in search of a wife. This companion he was not long in finding; and his first care seemed to be to introduce her to my notice. When I went into the garden, he showed that he had no wish to drop my acquaintance, but rather to seek to continue it. He came close to my feet, and when I held out my hand he alighted upon it, in expectation of the cheese crumbs with which I was wont to feed him.

"I have said that he wished to introduce his chosen mate to my notice; he brought her as near to me as possible, but Robina never conquered her fears so far as to alight on my hand. She frequently, however, sat on a tree or bush hard bye, and was fed by Robin who carried crumbs to her out of my little box." *Anon.*

* *Festooned*, hung between two points and drooping between.

A SAUCY ROBIN.

One winter a Robin became our constant guest. This little fellow made himself perfectly at home with the servants, attending their table during meal times, and receiving all scraps with which they were pleased to favor him. He took his stand on the frame of one of the neighbouring chairs, whence he had a good view of the ground beneath the table, ready to hop forth when a crumb fell. He enjoyed, indeed, the range of the kitchen and pantry at will, and throve exceedingly on his good fare: from being small and thin, Cock Robin grew into a fine fat bird. He at last became so bold as to hop on to the table, and without waiting for an invitation, help himself to bread, and any morsel that lay in his way: nothing escaped his clear bright eye.

One cold, snowy morning, Robin was absent from the kitchen much longer than usual. We were beginning to wonder what had become of him, when he suddenly made his entry through the open lattice of the pantry. He was accompanied by two other robins, exceedingly lean and ill-favored; forming a striking contrast with our fat, comely, little friend. It was evident these two were invited guests. Scarcely, however, had his hungry visitors begun to partake of the crumbs scattered beneath the table, than he bristled up his feathers, hopped about in a threatening manner, and scolded in harsh and angry tones.

A battle immediately commenced, which was maintained for some minutes with great spirit, by one of his outraged guests; but victory decided, at length, in favor of our friend, he being half as big again as his famished adversary. Having driven both his visitors from the kitchen, Rob returned proud of his victory, and flying to his favorite peg, sang a song of triumph. He puffed out his red breast, and ruffled his feathers, as if to express his satisfaction *for having* vanquished his enemies. *Narr. Nature.*

DICK, THE HOMELY SKYLARK.

I CAUGHT one day a nest of skylarks, and fed them with care and attention, and succeeded in rearing three. Lively and cheerful, they ran about upon the bottom of a large cage, as playful as kittens, and as happy as creatures could be whose haunts were the skies and the green fields. Two of these larks were less shrewd than the other, who gave evidence of his superior ability; they all sang a little, but this one better than the other two.

It was agreed that the two inferior larks should be set at liberty, but that this singing bird should be retained. Dick now engrossed all care, and had his moods of temper, as ourselves. Sometimes he would nestle down in his turf, and twitter as though he would say many soft things to me. At other times I would speak to him, and he would raise his little crest feathers, and lower his wings, and strut and sing as proudly as a bird knows how. A third mood was that of perfectly scornful rage: on being spoken to, he would sing loudly, and bristle up as though he would scold and fight as fiercely as a game cock.

Dick was always pleased with men and boys, but alarmed at ladies and women in general. Being such a favorite, he was allowed daily liberty, and his chief singing-place was the arm of a sofa. While I was reading, my book was often a chosen place for his long and continuous song. Dick was bold, and at dinner time he would approach the plate, and take from it just what he pleased: to oppose him was to incur his resentment. Then a fight would be sure to ensue, when he would dart off, singing in triumphant defiance.

Dick never allowed any one to come down in the morning without a salute, and he expected it should be exchanged! He therefore waited at the front part of

cage, singing and running to and fro, until perfectly wearied. Night, to Dick, was as pleasant as day; and as the gas lights were burning many hours, he continued to avail himself of the glare, to sing so long and loud that he attracted general attention.

Dick lived many years the intimate, and evidently the happy, companion of those by whom he was surrounded, saucily demanding, and not unfrequently taking forcible possession of what he wanted; but Death, cold-hearted and unrelenting, at last called one day, and Dick's tricks and songs ceased, and his lifeless form lay stretched upon his turf, and many a tear was shed by the little children, who loved Dick and looked upon him as one of themselves.

Anon.

POOR CHICK-A-DEE-DEE.

THE Blue-capped Titmouse, or Chick-a-dee-dee, is known in Ireland as the "*blue-bonnet.*"

On a cold day, in the month of March, one of these birds hopped into the house of a friend of mine near Belfast, and commenced picking up crumbs about the floor and tables; after remaining for several hours, she took her leave. Next day she returned, and alighted on the top of a cage, where she seemed to court an acquaintance with a goldfinch. The cage door was open, and the blue-bonnet went in, and began picking seeds with the goldfinch. She stayed in the room all night. The next morning, the servant unconsciously set her foot on the poor bird, and killed her.

She was afterwards thrown out, and her untimely death soon forgotten. But during the course of the day, the attention of some one was drawn to an affecting scene outside, before the parlor windows. The mate of the blue-

bonnet was standing beside her, mourning her loss in plaintive * tones. He then stretched out his neck, and putting his beak below the head of his companion, raised her up and then sang as before.

Afterwards he attempted to remove the body, but was unable. At length he flew away, and after some time returned, carrying a grain of corn, which he dropped before his dead partner. Then he fluttered with his wings, and endeavoured to call the attention of the dead bird to the corn.

Finding this useless also, he again flew away, and returned with another grain, which he deposited in the same manner. He then lifted the grain, and dropped it upon his mate's beak, continuing to do this for several minutes. Then he resumed his plaintive notes, until poor, dead chick-a-dee-dee was removed.

Aunt Fanny.

OUR PEACOCK JUPITER.

When on a visit to a friend, we were presented with a beautiful peacock, which was christened Jupiter.

As soon as we reached home the servant released our patient prisoner from his bonds, and introduced him into the poultry-yard, throwing down a handful of corn for his supper. He was then left to make the acquaintance of the hens, ducks, guinea-fowls, and pigs, that gathered about him with every sign of astonishment and curiosity.

For some time he seemed uncertain where to pass the night; but, being a bird of high notions, he chose the most lofty situation he could. This was no lower than that of

* *Plaintive*, sorrowful, bewailing, lamenting.

the topmost chimney of the old hall. Now, the highest station is not always the most agreeable, and Jupiter, I fancy, proved the truth of this remark; for the next night he came a little lower. From the chimney of the house he descended to the roof of the farm; and thence still lower—to that of the cow-house. The fourth night he humbly retired to a waggon-shed, where he finally fixed his roost on a long beam beneath the roof.

Jupiter had been accustomed to come to the parlor windows to be fed and petted, and he had grown so familiar that he always presented himself at meal-times to receive his share. His usual station was the lower shelf of a flower-stand, where he patiently waited till his red platter was fairly supplied with potatoes, or any other vegetable from the table.

If the servant omitted to pay proper attention to the gentle notices he was wont to give of his presence, he would ascend the steps, and inform him of his wants, by pecking at the glass; and then descend to his former place. But if the summons were not obeyed after a second or third repetition, he would utter one or two loud, angry notes, and walk away in evident displeasure.

Jupiter knew his station, and he knew the dinner-hour to a minute; one would almost have imagined he had had a watch, or could reckon the sun's progress on the dial-stone. Be this how it may, if the cook did not remember the dinner-hour, Jupiter did; for at two o'clock precisely he was sure to be at his post.

One week, owing to some unavoidable circumstances, we were less punctual than usual. Jupiter waited patiently for the cloth being laid, but growing tired, he went away. Next day the same accident occurred; Jupiter became indignant, and uttered his reproaches in such squalls, that we *were obliged to* have him sent away. We began to wonder

how he would proceed on the morrow. We imagined he would give up all hope, after his fruitless attempts, but we had not given this clever bird full credit for his sagacity.

Instead of wasting his precious time in watching the parlor windows, he placed himself in the court-yard, so as to command a view of what was going on in the kitchen. As soon as the cook had taken up the dinner, away went the peacock to his stand, followed by an old attendant, a white hen. From that day Jupiter waited till the servant began to carry the dishes to the table before he went to his old post.

The following autumn a sudden and unexpected frost set in, accompanied by a heavy fall of snow, and Jupiter, who had been constant in his daily applications for food, was absent one morning at the usual time of being fed. At noon he did not appear, and that afternoon he was discovered on his perch under the waggon shed, frozen to death with the cold of the preceding night. This news greatly grieved us, for we loved the handsome green bird very much.

So lived and so died our peacock Jupiter! His plumage was carefully preserved; his body buried with all due honors, under the great sycamore-tree in the garden; and his head sent as a present to a learned gentleman who lectures on skulls. It still graces his mantelpiece, in company with that of a cuckoo, a hawk, an owl, and a sea-gull.

Narratives of Nature.

THE POET'S HARES.

In the year 1774, being very ill both in mind and body, and incapable of amusing myself either with company or books, I was glad of anything that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret * given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old.

Understanding better how to tease the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining every day, should offer it to me. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, thinking that in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which I needed.

It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present, and the consequence was that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them, — Puss, Tiney, and Bess.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hind feet, and bite the hair of my head. He would suffer me to take him up and to carry him about in my arms, and more than once fell fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, and kept him apart from his fellows that they might not molest him. Thus by constant care, and trying him with variety of herbs, I restored him to perfect health.

No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; and this feeling he most significantly expressed by licking my hand: first the back of it, then the

* *Leveret*, a hare in the first year of its age.

palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted. Finding him extremely tractable*, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of the bushes, sleeping or dreaming till evening.

I had not long accustomed him to this state of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret.† If this language did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull it with all his force.

Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed; the shyness of his nature was done away, and, on the whole, it was made clear and visible by many signs, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He, too, was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if after his recovery I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his forefeet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth. In his play, too, he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such solemnity of manner, that in him as well I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after she was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by her being turned into her newly-washed box while it was yet damp, was a hare of great fun and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney

* *Tractable*, docile, manageable.

† *Misinterpret*, to interpret erroneously; not to understand aright.

was not to be tamed at all; but Bess had a courage and confidence that made her tame from the beginning.

I always admitted them into the parlor after supper, when, the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk and bound, and play a thousand gambols. In these, Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always the cleverest. One evening, the cat, being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, — an insult which she resented by drumming upon his back with such violence that he was happy to escape from under her paws and hide himself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they had in fact; and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features that he can distinguish each from all the rest; and yet to a common observer the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same thing would hold good with reference to hares and other animals.

These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to a new object. A small hole being burnt in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the closest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by the sense of smell in the choice of their favorites: to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller engaged their affections at once: his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. *Cowper.*

MONKEYS.

I ONCE had a favorite monkey. From the first day she was given to me her attachment was remarkable, and nothing would induce her to leave me at any time. In fact, her affection was sometimes ludicrously annoying. As she grew up she became more sedate, and was less afraid of being left alone. She would sit and watch whatever I did, with an expression of great intelligence; and the moment I turned my back, she would attempt to imitate me.

One day, while engaged in reading a book in which I was much interested, "Lemdy" was, as usual, seated beside me. At times she occupied herself in surveying me quietly, occasionally in catching a fly, or in jumping on my shoulder, endeavouring to pick out the blue marks tattoed * there. At last I left the room for some purpose, and on my return, behold, she had taken my seat, with the book on her knee! With a grave expression of countenance she was turning over the leaves, page by page, as she had observed me do. Not being able to read their contents, she turned one after the other as quickly as possible, tearing them from top to bottom in the operation. During my momentary absences she would often take my pipe, and hold it in her mouth till I came back, when she would restore it to me with the utmost politeness.

Once a monkey was exhibited to me who was said to be a dexterous † thief. In proof of this the keeper begged me to watch him for a few minutes. Presently he led him to a spot near a date-seller, who was sitting on the ground

* *Tattoed*, designs or figures pricked into the skin with an indelible ink.

† *Dexterous*, clever, artful, cunning.

with a basket beside him. Here his master put him through his movements; and though I could perceive that the monkey had an eye to the fruit, yet he so completely disguised his intentions that no careless observer would have noticed it. He did not at first appear to care about approaching the basket, but gradually brought himself nearer and nearer, till at last he got quite close to its owner.

In the middle of one of his tricks he suddenly started up from the ground, on which he had been stretched in apparent lifelessness. Uttering a cry of pain and rage, he fixed his eyes full at the face of the date-seller, and then, without moving the rest of his body, stole as many dates as he could hold in one of his hind-hands. The date-man, being stared out of countenance, and his attention diverted by this extraordinary gaze, knew nothing about the theft till a bystander told him of it. Then he joined heartily in the laugh that was raised against him.

The monkey, having very adroitly popped the fruit into his cheek pouches, had moved off a few yards, when a boy pulled him sharply by the tail. Conscience-stricken, the monkey fancied it had been done by the date-seller whom he had robbed; and so, passing close by the true offender, he fell on the unfortunate fruiterer, and would, no doubt, have bitten him severely but for the interference of his master, who came to the rescue.

M. Parkyns.

AN AFFECTIONATE OURANG-OUTAN.

A GENTLEMAN was out hunting with a party in Sumatra, when, in some trees removed from the forest, a female Orang-outan, with a young one in her arms, was discovered, and the chase commenced. In the heat of the moment, and excited by the hope of possessing an animal so rare, the gentleman forgot everything but the prize before him, and urged on his men by the promise of reward.

Thus excited they followed up the chase — the animal, encumbered by her young one, and making prodigious efforts to gain the dark thickets of the wood, springing from tree to tree, and endeavouring by every means to elude * her pursuers. Several shots were fired, and at length one took fatal effect, the ball piercing her chest.

Feeling herself mortally wounded, and the blood gushing from her mouth, the animal from that moment took no care of herself, but with a mother's feelings summoned up all her dying energies to save her young one. She threw it onwards over the tops of the trees, and from one branch to another, taking the most desperate leaps after it herself. Thus she continued to aid its progress until the thickets of the forest being nearly gained, its chances of success were sure.

All this time the blood was flowing from the mother, yet her efforts were unabated; and it was only when her young one was on the point of reaching a place of safety that she rested on one of the topmost branches of a gigantic tree. True to her ruling passion even in death, she turned for a moment to gaze after her young one; then reeled, and fell head-foremost to the ground. The sight was so touching that it left a deep impression of the maternal tenderness and self-devotion of the Ourang-Outan.

Anecdotes in Nat. Hist.

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* *Elude*, escape from; avoid by artifices; baffle.

THE CAMEL.

THERE are two varieties of the camel; the Bactrian camel, with two hunches; and the dromedary, with only one. The first is a native of Asia, and the latter belongs to the African continent.

The camel with two hunches is much stronger and shorter on its legs than the dromedary, and is chiefly employed as a beast of burden; its great strength enabling it to carry very heavy loads. The dromedary is a much lighter and more active creature, and is the chief means of maintaining an intercourse between the different parts of Africa and Arabia. The Arab venerates his camel as the gift of heaven, and without its aid he could neither subsist, trade, nor travel.

In those parts of the world there are districts where the sun shines upon vast plains of parched and trackless sand. Sometimes a whirlwind raises this loose sand in clouds; at other times the traveller has to dread the fury of a scorching wind, called the *Simoom*. But, in all his difficulties, his reliance is on the camel; which has been called "*the Ship of the Desert*," because it is so much used to convey merchandise across those sandy plains, which would otherwise be impassable.

The camel is from five to seven feet high; the head is small, the neck very long, and the body of a long irregular shape, the legs tall and slender, and the tail reaches to the joints of the hind legs. The feet are very large, and are hoofed in a very peculiar manner. The under part of the feet is protected by a long, tough, and pliable skin, which by yielding in all directions enables the animal to travel with perfect security over dry, hot, and sandy regions.

While being laden, camels show their dislike to any *packet which* appears too heavy. When however, it is

once on their backs, they continue to bear it with the patient expression of countenance which I fear passes for more than it is worth. All camels are loaded kneeling, and they can go from twenty-four to sixty hours without rest, and with no more than a few mouthfuls of food, which they crop off a thorny bush as they pass; or a handful of barley given them by their master. Parts of the desert are strewed with small, dry, drab-colored plants, thorny and otherwise, which the camels continue to crop as they walk, jostling the rider not a little.

They can go long without water, and, if one considers the parching heat of the desert, this is the more to be wondered at. It is partly, no doubt, owing to the large supply they can at one time take into, and carry in, their stomachs. I have seen camels go for eleven or twelve days without a drop of water. All of them did not drink even when we came to water, nor did any drink a large quantity or seem disturbed by the want of it, though the sun was very powerful, and we travelled twelve or thirteen hours daily.

At first they are difficult to ride. The rider mounts while the animal is kneeling, and sits like a lady, with the right leg over the fore pommel of the saddle. In rising, the camel suddenly straightens its hind legs before moving either of the fore ones, so that if the rider is unprepared he will be jerked over its ears. It moves the legs of each side alternately, which sways the rider to and fro. The motion, however, is soon learned; and, when fatigued, the rider can change sides, or shift his position in various ways.

Sometimes a traveller places his whole family, wife and children, in one pannier, fastened to the saddle; puts himself in another on the opposite side, and accompanies any caravan he happens to fall in with. *Various.*

THE ELEPHANT.

An elephant is first in size, and in sense, of all the beasts of the field, and when used kindly he puts forth great strength, and works hard to help and serve his master. The trunk of the elephant is of more use to him than our hands are to us. With it he takes up food and water, and puts them into his mouth. This trunk will pick up a sixpence, and lift a heavy load; tear down trees, and undo locks and bolts of doors.

The elephant smells by means of his trunk, and breathes through it. He feeds upon the tall juicy grass of India, and digs up roots, and can reach the young sprays, and pull down the ripe fruits of the palm and other trees.

In India he helps to build ships. Long planks of wood, that twenty men could not move, are drawn along quite easily by him. Round a heavy beam, for example, a strong rope is tied, the end of which one takes up, and twists it round his trunk. He has the sense to draw it between, or raise it over, things lying in the way, to the ship-side.

A poor woman who had been kind to an elephant often left her child in his care while she went out to work. When the woman died he would not let the child go out of his sight, and would not eat until it was laid in its cradle at his feet. When the child was old enough to crawl about, he gently held it back with the trunk from harm, just as a kind nurse would guard her little charge.

In war-time elephants are used to drag the heavy guns and cannon — often up a steep hill-side. When driven back after a battle, they never tread on the wounded men, but lift them with care, and lay them aside, and so make room to pass. Even at a rapid pace they can do this, and that with the greatest care.

An elephant was bid to drag a great load up a steep and bad road. He tried, and did his best; then stopped short, as if to show that it could not be done. The owner said in a harsh voice, "Take that lazy beast away, and bring a better one." The poor creature knew what the unjust words meant, and made one last effort, which moved the load, but cost the life of the elephant: it fell down dead on the spot.

Some elephants had to pass over a bridge, and their sense enabled them to know that it was not safe. The first would not set a foot on the bridge, and when pricked to go on, it turned back in a rage, and no one could stop it. The next stood still at the foot of the bridge. It was pricked and urged on for a time, in vain. At last, with a deep groan, it went on. Before it got to the middle, the bridge fell with a crash, and the elephant was thrown upon the sharp rough rocks below.

The last elephant saw it all, and made its way down a steep bank, to reach its friend before death put an end to pain and misery.

Book of Beasts.

AN ELEPHANT'S REVENGE AND REMORSE.

A FAVORITE elephant, a remarkably fine animal, whose name was Malleer, had to contend with a most formidable opponent of his own race. The spectacle was to take place in a spacious arena *, around which the King of Oude † and thousands of his people had so arranged themselves as to have a view of all the whole scene. In a moment of extreme excitement, when goaded to fury, Malleer suddenly rushed upon his mahout or keeper, and at a single stroke of his trunk killed him.

"Our alarm and horror," says one who witnessed it, "were increased at seeing a woman rushing directly towards the elephant. She had an infant in her arms, and she ran as fast as her burden would permit.

"Her piercing cry thrilled through the hearts of some few at least of those who stood by.

"Frantic with grief, she exclaimed, 'Oh Malleer! Malleer! savage beast! See what you have done! Here, finish our house ‡ at once. You have taken off the roof—now break down the walls: you have killed my husband, whom you loved so well—now kill me and his son.'

"We expected to see the fierce animal turn from the mangled remains of the husband to tear the wife and child asunder. We were agreeably disappointed.

"Malleer's rage was appeased; and he now felt remorse for what he had done. You could see it in his drooping ears and downcast head. He took his foot off the mahout's

* *Arena*, an open space in the centre of a spectacle or show.

† *Oude*, a northern province of India, annexed under the East India Company in 1854, under Earl Dalhousie: now subject to the British Crown.

‡ *House*, family.

carcase. The wife threw herself upon it, and the elephant stood by, respecting her grief. It was a touching spectacle. The woman lamented loudly, turning now and then to the elephant to reproach him; whilst he stood as if conscious of his crime, looking sadly at her.

"Once or twice the unconscious infant caught at his trunk and played with it. He had no doubt played with it often before, for it is no uncommon thing to see the mahout's child playing about the legs of the elephant; or the elephant waving his trunk over it, allowing it to go a little distance, and then carefully bringing it back again, as tenderly as a mother would.

"'Let the woman call him off,' shouted the king: 'he will attend to *her*.'

"She did so, and Malleer came back just as a spaniel would do at the call of his master!

"'Let the woman mount with her child, and take him away,' was the king's order. It was communicated to her. The elephant knelt at her command. She mounted: Malleer gave her, first, the mutilated carcase of her husband, and then her infant son. She sat upon his neck, in her husband's place, and led him quietly away.

"From that day she was his keeper, his mahout: he would have no other. Even when in a fury of excitement she had but to command, and he obeyed. The touch of her hand on his trunk was enough to calm his most violent outbursts of temper."

Quarterly Magazine.

SLAUGHTER OF TWO ELEPHANTS.

We were on the side of a fine green valley, studded here and there with trees, and cut up by numerous rivulets. For the sake of quietness, I had retired among some rocks, when I beheld an elephant and her calf at the end of the valley about two miles distant. The calf was rolling in the mud, and the dam was standing fanning herself with her huge ears. As I looked at them through my glass, I saw a long string of my own men appearing on the other side of them, and Sekwebu came and told me that these had gone off, saying, "Our father will see to-day what sort of men he has got."

I then went higher up the side of the valley, in order to have a distinct view of their mode of hunting. The noble beast, totally unconscious of the approach of an enemy, stood for some time suckling her young one, which seemed about two years old. They then went into a pit containing mud, and smeared themselves all over with it, the little one frisking about the dam, flapping its ears — and tossing its trunk incessantly. The dam kept flapping her ears and wagging her tail, as if in the height of enjoyment.

Then began the piping of her enemies, which was performed by blowing into a tube, or the hands closed together, as boys sometimes do. They called out to attract the animal's attention: —

> "O chief! chief! we have come to kill you,
> O chief! chief! many more will die beside you, &c.,
> The gods have said it," &c. &c.

Both animals expanded their ears and listened, then left their bath as the crowd rushed towards them. The little one ran forward towards the end of the valley, but, seeing the *men there,* returned to the dam. She placed herself on the

danger-side of her calf, and passed her trunk over it again and again, as if to assure it of safety. She frequently looked back at the men, who kept up a continual shouting, singing and piping. Then she would look at her young one and run after it, sometimes sideways; as if her feelings were divided between anxiety to protect her offspring, and desire to revenge the rashness of her enemies. Some of the men kept about a hundred yards behind her; others about the same distance from her side: they continued thus until she was obliged to cross a rivulet.

After the first shot, she appeared with her sides red with blood; and, beginning to flee for her own life, seemed to think no more of her young one. I had previously sent off Sekwebu with orders to spare the calf. It ran very fast, but neither young nor old ever enter into a gallop: their quickest pace is only a sharp walk. Before Sekwebu could reach them, the calf had taken refuge in the water, and was killed.

The pace of the dam gradually became slower. She turned with a shriek of rage, and made a furious charge back among the men. They vanished sideways, and as she ran straight on, she went through the whole party, but came near no one, except a man who wore a piece of red cloth on his shoulders, which is a dangerous thing on such occasions. She charged three or four times, and, except in the first instance, never went farther than a hundred yards. She often stood, after she had crossed a rivulet, and faced the men, though she received fresh spears every moment. From constant spearing, she lost much blood; and at last, making a short charge, she staggered round, and sank dead in a kneeling posture.

Livingstone.

SAÏ, THE LEOPARD.

THIS interesting animal was so completely tamed that it was suffered to roam about the house unwatched. Its chief resting-place was under a sofa, the only indications of his presence being a protruding paw, or an occasional peep from behind the cover. Strangers were naturally rather astonished when they saw so powerful an animal at liberty, especially as the leopard appeared to have gained entrance from the woods, and hidden himself for no good purpose.

Saï was a very affectionate creature, and could not bear being separated from his master. One evening, his master, who had been absent from home the whole day, returned to his own room, and began to write. Presently he heard Saï coming up stairs, and on seeing the animal make a great spring upon him, he gave himself up for lost. The leopard only meant to show his joy at again finding his master; and, by rubbing his cheek against his head, to show his affection.

He was full of play, and was by no means averse from a practical joke, such as jumping on the back of a domestic, as he once did, while she was stooping down to clean the floor with her little broom. The poor woman was of course in a terrible fright, never doubting that she was intended to form a dinner for the leopard. Saï had no such intention, but stood there in great glee, waving his tail about, while the poor woman, not daring to stir, screamed piteously. The other servants came to see what was the matter, but soon set off as fast as they could, leaving the poor woman to her fate. She kept screaming, the leopard wagging his tail, until his master came and released her.

So perfectly tamed was this animal, that the children *used to fight* with it for the possession of one of the win-

dows at which the leopard was accustomed to lie with his chin resting between his forepaws on the sill. On several occasions the children, finding him in their way, pulled him down by the tail.

Saï's life was not to end without adventure. He was sent to England, and we are told that when he reached the ship he was completely cowed and subdued. His cage had been placed in a canoe, the crew of which were so frightened, when he moved, that they contrived to upset the whole affair, and poor Saï got a thorough ducking. After that time he got on pretty well until the ship was boarded by pirates *, who took away almost all the provisions, so that Saï would have starved had it not been for a large number of parrots on board. One parrot a day was all his food — barely enough to keep him from starving.

On his arrival in England he was presented to the Duchess of York. One morning his mistress called to see him, when he appeared to be in his usual health; but in the evening he was dead.

Anecdotes of Animal Life.

* *Pirates*, sea-robbers.

THE STORY OF A FOUNDLING.

I WAS summoned in February, 1846, to rid a tribe of Arabs, near Guelma, Algiers, from a lioness and her cubs that had settled among them.

It might be eight o'clock in the evening when I heard in the distance some apparently heavy steps, accompanied by a great noise among the bushes. As the sounds approached I judged that the steps must be those of an animal of large size; and I soon felt convinced it must be the lioness. At a distance of six paces the beast stopped short. Fearing then lest she might have seen or scented me, and that she would clear at one bound the distance between us, I rose quickly, hoping to see her eyes at least.

I stood thus leaning against the trunk of the tree, my gun ready, my finger on the trigger, — but I saw nothing, heard nothing. My imagination, aided by the remembrances of the past, dived irresistibly through the darkness and all the obstacles which hindered my sight, and seemed to show me the lioness — with her neck stretched out, her ears bent backwards, her whole body convulsed with rage, — ready to spring.

Judge of my surprise when, instead of the tremendous roar of a lioness charging me with all the fury of a mother defending her young ones, I heard only the plaintive, hungry cry of a cub looking out for its nurse.

To this very day I cannot help laughing, as I did then, on thinking of the feeling of terror with which this little rogue made my heart beat.

For want of anything better, I took hold of the cub, and after placing it in the skirts of my cloak, I sought the road, in order to go and deposit him in a village a few miles off.

After three or four hours' marching through woods, after *many a halt* occasioned by sounds which seemed to me

sometimes the distant roar, sometimes the furious gallop, of the lioness in chase, I at last reached the village.

My prize was a handsome male cub. I gave him the name of Hubert, out of respect for the great patron * of hunters. Hubert was as tame as a lamb; he would sit or lie down before the fire, looking rather astonished, but not in the least savage. The women could not sufficiently caress him, and, as a reward for his amiability, they brought him a fine goat, full of milk.

The poor goat being laid on her side, and kept down by two Arabs, who prevented her making any movement, they presented one of her teats to Hubert, who at first did not appear to understand what he was to do. The first drops of milk, however, no sooner moistened his lips, than he adopted his new nurse with amazing readiness.

Hubert grew and throve beautifully, and very soon the milk of several goats was found insufficient to satisfy his voracious appetite.

Among his friends — and he very soon numbered a good many — Hubert counted three intimate ones: they were, Lehman the trumpeter, Bibart the farrier, and Rostain, who, a year after, was killed before my eyes by a lion.

HUBERT IS ENLISTED AS A SOLDIER.

Hubert had a certificate book upon which he was at first inscribed as a second-class trooper, waiting for advancement, and every remarkable deed was faithfully written down.

On the 10th of January, 1847, a Bedouin having crept in, to rove about among the troop-horses, Hubert, who smells the robber, snaps his chain, hurls him to the ground, and carries him into his sentry-box. He awaited the arrival

* *Patron*, person of distinction who gives his countenance, protection, or support (patronage).

of the officer of the round to make his report, and to give up his prisoner, "in extremely bad condition." This feat advanced Hubert to the grade of sergeant, and procured him a chain of honor.

At last Hubert, after strangling a horse, and tearing two soldiers to shreds, is named officer, and locked up in a cage. Poor Hubert! And it was I, his best friend, who had the charge of this painful task.

The authorities, kind and indulgent for his first misdemeanour, had forgiven many a misdeed by reason of his general amiability; but they could no longer shut their eyes to his dangerous character; and he had therefore nothing to expect but death or perpetual confinement.

My first thought was to set him free; but I was afraid that, accustomed to the contact of men, he would return to the camp, or to the neighbourhood, and come to grief.

At first, to soften his captivity, I used to come during the night near his cage, which I opened; he would then bound out full of joy, and embrace me with every mark of affection, and we would play for a while at hide-and-seek.

HUBERT IS TRANSPORTED FOR LIFE.

In October, 1847, Hubert left Guelma, to the immense regret of all, and especially of the ladies, towards whom he had ever proved particularly polite. On arriving at Algiers, he was found too large and too handsome to remain at the Zoological Gardens there; so I was asked to take charge of him to France.

Poor animal! he was indeed too large, since a horse's collar was too small for his neck; he was far too handsome, moreover, for the wretched life to which he was henceforth condemned.

The commander of the ship, in which Hubert was embarked, allowed me to keep his cage open during a few

hours, at the time he took his meals. Strong cables, placed at a certain distance from the cage, prevented the curious from going too near.

As soon as his door was opened, Hubert would come out, and after thanking me in his own way, walk about the deck as far as the length of his chain permitted. Then they brought him a slice of beef, about ten pounds in weight, which he disposed of very cleanly; and afterwards laid himself down in the sun, at his ease.

When the time for recreation was past, he returned to his cell rather unwillingly; and, after this, he waited pretty patiently for the dinner hour. It was thus that his last happy days were spent.

On reaching Toulon, we were obliged to part, as he was going to Marseilles, and I to pay a visit to my family in the country.

Amidst the happiness I felt in seeing my relations again, I nevertheless found a sort of blank; there was something missing. I went to Marseilles also; only a very few weeks had elapsed since I had seen my nursling: alas! he was no longer the same.

After the first flush of joy which for one instant gleamed over his beautiful head, he seemed to say, "Why did you leave me? where, where are they taking me? You have returned now, but will you stay with me?" I felt so much to see the poor animal so miserable, that I had not the courage to lengthen my visit, and I left him abruptly.

As I was going away I heard him bound in his cage and roar with fury; presently I came back, and no sooner did he see me again than he became calm, and laid himself close to the bars, to enable me to pet him with my hand. A few minutes after he was asleep, and I retired on tiptoe for fear of disturbing his repose. Sleep is often oblivion for animals as well as for men!

HUBERT DIES IN PRISON.

Three months after this last meeting I was in Paris. The next day I proceeded to the Zoological Gardens, in company with a lady and her daughter, who wished to be present at my first interview with Hubert.

Now, I was slowly progressing towards my lion's cage. He was lying down, half asleep, staring vacantly on the persons who had preceded me. All of a sudden he raises his head; his eyes are widened; a nervous movement contracts every muscle of his face; the tip of his tail trembles; he has seen our uniform *, but he has not yet recognised his old master. In the meantime, his anxious glance was surveying me from head to foot, as if striving to recall some remembrance. I came close to him, and, unable longer to contain my emotion, I stretched out my hand through the bars of his cage.

This was indeed a truly touching moment for me and for all those present. Without ceasing to devour me with his eyes, Hubert applied his nose to my hand and began to inhale deeply, while at each breath his eye became more clear, more soft, more affectionate. Under the uniform he was now beginning to recognise the friend; and I saw that one word would suffice to remove every remaining doubt.

"Hubert! my old soldier!" I said, fondly.

It was enough. With one furious bound he sprang against the iron bars of his prison, which creaked and shook again under the powerful shock.

My friends, frightened at the moment, drew back hastily, entreating me to do the same. Noble animal! who spreads terror and awe even in the rapturous bursts of his affection!

Hubert was standing up, clinging to the bars, and

* *Uniform*, the dress or costume of a soldier; here, that of a *Spahi*—*Algerian* cavalry-soldier.

trying to break the obstacle which separated us. In this position he looked truly magnificent, roaring with mingled joy and anger. His expanded nostrils were sniffing, in blissful happiness, the hand I had given up to him; whilst his enormous paws were softly trying to draw me to him.

If any one else attempted to come near, Hubert broke out into a most appalling fury; but as soon as they retired he became calm and affectionate as before.

I cannot express how painful our parting was on that day. Twenty times I returned to try and make him understand that he should see me again; and every time I withdrew, he shook the gallery with his tremendous bounds.

For some time after I paid frequent visits to the prisoner, and we often spent several hours alone together. But I soon observed that he was getting low,—in fact pining away. On mentioning this to the men who had charge of him, they seemed to attribute it to my presence, upon which I thought it better to visit him less frequently.

One day in the month of May I came as usual.

"Sir," said the keeper, bowing to me sorrowfully, "you need come no more—HUBERT IS DEAD!"

Such was the end of Hubert, whom I had carried away from his mother, from the pure mountain air—from liberty. Child of nature, he might still have been alive and healthy: civilisation had killed him.

So, henceforth you may grow and multiply in peace, ye proud Sultans of the mountains; I will never more carry off your children. Death for death; the shot which strikes you like the lightning in open forest, under the starry canopy of heaven, is better than slow torture in the narrow space of a few yards; the lead bullet of the hunter is preferable a hundred times to the dull consumption of a prison.

Gerard.

THE LION AND THE SPANIEL.

In the afternoon our company went to the Tower, to satisfy ourselves as to the truth of the wonderful story of the great lion and the little dog.

We found the place thronged, and all were obliged to pay high prices of admission, on account of the novelty of the show; so that the keeper, in a short time, made a little fortune.

The great cage in front was occupied by a beast, who was called the king's lion; and, while he traversed the limits of his straitened dominions, he was attended by a small and very beautiful black spaniel, who frisked and gambolled about him. At one time it would pretend to snarl and bite at the lion; at another, the noble animal, with an air of fondness, would hold down his head, while the tiny creature licked his terrible chaps. Their history, as the keeper related, was this: —

It was customary for all, who were unable or unwilling to pay their sixpence, to bring a dog or cat as an offering to the beast in place of money to the keeper. Among others, a fellow had caught up this pretty black spaniel in the streets, and it was thrown into the cage of the great lion. Immediately the little animal trembled and shivered with fear, and threw itself on its back. It then put forth its tongue, and held up its paws, as if praying for mercy.

In the meantime, the lordly brute, instead of devouring it, beheld it with an eye of cool curiosity. He turned it over with one paw, and then with the other; sniffed at it, and seemed desirous of courting a further acquaintance.

The keeper, on seeing this, brought a large mess of his own family dinner; but the lion kept aloof, and refused to eat, keeping his eye on the dog, and, as it were, inviting it

to eat. At length the little animal's fears being somewhat abated *, and its appetite being quickened by the smell of the victuals, it approached slowly, and tremblingly ventured to eat. The lion then advanced gently and began to partake, and they finished their meal very lovingly together.

From this day the strictest friendship commenced between them, a friendship consisting of all possible affection and tenderness on the part of the lion, and of the utmost confidence and boldness on the part of the dog; insomuch that he would lay himself down to sleep within the fangs and under the jaws of his terrible patron.

A gentleman who had lost the spaniel, and had advertised a reward of two guineas to the finder, at length heard of the adventure, and went to claim his dog. "You see, sir," said the keeper, "it would be a great pity to part such loving friends; however, if you insist upon your property being restored, you must even be pleased to take him yourself: it is a task that I would not engage in for five hundred guineas." The gentleman of course declined the risk of a dispute with the lion.

In about twelve months the little spaniel sickened and died, and left its loving protector the most desolate of creatures. For a time the lion did not appear to believe otherwise than that his pet was asleep. He would continue to smell the body; then would stir it with his nose, and turn it over with his paws. But finding that all his efforts to awake his pet were vain, he would traverse his cage from end to end at a swift and uneasy pace, then stop; and look down with a fixed and drooping gaze; then raise his head, and open his horrible throat, and utter a prolonged roar, as of distant thunder, for minutes together.

They attempted, but in vain, to take away the carcase from

* *Abated*, lessened, diminished.

him; he watched it constantly, and would suffer no one to touch it. The keeper then endeavoured to tempt him with a variety of food, but he turned from all that was offered with loathing. They then put several living dogs into his cage, and these he instantly tore piecemeal, but left their bodies, untasted, on the floor.

His passion being thus inflamed, he would dart his fangs into the boards and wrench away large splinters; and again grapple at the bars of his cage, and seem enraged at his restraint. Again, quite exhausted, he would stretch himself by the remains of his friend, gather them in with his paws, and hug them. The while he uttered under-roars of terrible melancholy for the loss of his little play-fellow—the only friend, the only companion that he had upon earth.

For five days he thus languished, and gradually declined, without taking any food or accepting any comfort. At last, one morning, he was found dead, with his head lovingly reclined on the carcase of his little friend. They were both buried together, and their grave was plentifully watered by the tears of the keeper and his loudly lamenting family.

Brooke.

Adventure.

ADVENTURE.

WRECKED ON AN ICEBERG.

I HAD just been relieved from my watch*, and was finding my way forward, knocking my hands against my sides to warm them, when there was a loud cry from the look-out men of "A ship a-head, standing right for us under all sail."

Andrew Thompson, who was standing close to me, had been peering into the gloom a-head. "A sail!" he exclaimed, "that's no sail, but an iceberg—I see its light. We might have weathered † it, but now it is too late; and heaven have mercy on our souls!"

As he spoke a loud, fearful crash was heard — the stout ship shook and trembled in every timber. I was thrown, as were all near me, to the deck, with stunning force. Shrieks and cries arose from every part of the ship, and the watch below came hurrying up on deck, many without their clothes. All was dismay and confusion. The terrific noise of the wind, and of the sea dashing over the ship, added to the cries of distress, almost drowned the voices of the officers, who were rushing here and there in vain efforts to restore order. Many of the people, in their fright, sprang overboard, and were instantly swallowed up by the waves. The ship

* *Watch*, turn of work.

† *Weathered*, sheered clear off.

rose and fell with tremendous force, and the loud crashing forward showed that her strong bows* had been cracked like a nut.

Then arose a terrific cry that the ship was sinking, and that all was lost. Jumping on the forecastle†, we ran along the bowsprit, whence we dropped down one by one upon a part of the iceberg which the waves did not reach. The ice was very rough, and we were thus enabled to scramble up, perfectly clear of the sea.

Several others attempted to follow our example, and the marines‡, even at that awful moment, obedient to their orders, commenced firing on them. The flash of their muskets showed the whole dreadful scene for an instant; and never will it be effaced from my memory. The ship lay with her bow run high upon the berg. The dark ocean and the white crested waves dashed over her stern. There stood a mass of human beings, in all the attitudes of despair and dismay. Then again above our heads rose the white shining iceberg, which at every flash seemed to glow with flames of fire; the bright light danced from pinnacle to pinnacle, and far into the hollow caverns of its huge sides.

Slowly at last the proud ship glided from the icy shelf on which she had been cast, down into the far depths of the ocean. Soon all that had remained in her were engulphed beneath the greedy waves. No helping hand could we offer to any of our shipmates. In another instant, as we gazed where our ship had been, a blank was before us.

I can scarcely picture the horrors of that night; I would fain indeed forget them, but that is impossible. We had preserved our lives for the present; but what could we further expect, but to die of hunger? We had also read

* *Bows*, the bulging forepart of a ship.

† *Forecastle*, the raised deck on the forepart of a ship.

‡ *Marines*, ship-soldiers.

and heard enough of icebergs to know, that, as they are driven to the southern seas, they rapidly melt away.

Morning at last dawned; and what a change from the previous day! Then, all had been storm and gloom. Now, all around was calm, beautiful, and bright. Before the sun rose, the whole eastern sky was glowing with an orange tinge. Every fleecy cloud around was tinted with gold and red, orange, and pink, while the clear portions of the sky itself were of the purest blue. The sea mirrored these lovely colors.

But still more beautiful and wonderful seemed the vast mountain of ice on which we floated, as it appeared towering over us. The pinnacles and turrets of the summit were tinted with the glowing hues of the east; lower down, the columns and arches which supported them seemed formed of the purest alabaster. Around us on either side, appeared vast caverns and grottos, their entrances fringed with drooping icicles, glittering brilliantly.

It is not to be wondered at if we did not then admire the [illegible] spectacle as much as it deserved; for we could [illegible] that we were floating on an iceberg in the middle [illegible]orth Sea, far from food and hope.

THE RESCUE.

[illegible] anxious watching, a sail hove in sight: [illegible] rail raft of some loose spars that had been [illegible]wreck. We might have made a mile an [illegible] not so much, and we had at least three [illegible] still, we did not get wearied. Each of us [illegible]ce of seal's flesh to stay our hunger, but we had [illegible] swallow. We scarcely spoke a word all the [illegible]very now and then turned a glance backward, [illegible]ow far we had got from our late prison of ice. [illegible]hile was passed, and we were still not noticed by

the stranger-ship; indeed, so small a speck were we on the ocean, we could not expect to be observed till the sun had risen. Our great anxiety was about the wind; still the sea continued smooth as glass.

On we went—our eyes on the ship's sails. Alas! a light cat's-paw * skimmed across the ocean—the sails of the barque blew out, and cruelly carried her still further away.

Oh! with what agony we saw the topsails bulge out, and the barque's head turn away from us! We all shouted together, or rather shrieked out in our eagerness: it was of no use. We strove to drive the raft on faster than before. What could our utmost endeavours avail in overtaking a ship, her sails filled even with the light air then blowing? No longer were cat's-paws playing on the surface of the sea, but small waves were covering every part of it; and as we worked our way among them, they washed around our feet.

Every sail on board the barque began to draw, and she made rapid way. Alas! we were not seen, and hope, which had hitherto kept up our spirits, fled. Our hearts sank, and scarcely could we longer ply our feeble oars.

"Andrew, what say you to this?" asked Terence, at length.

"Persevere to the last, like men," replied Andrew; "we may have to return to the iceberg, but even then we must not lose courage, or our trust in Providence."

Just then the sun rose from his watery bed in an unclouded sky. I looked back to see how far we had got from the iceberg. Truly, if it had appeared beautiful when we were on it, doubly so did it appear now, glittering in the beams of the sun; some parts of alabaster whiteness and the rest tinged with hues of gold, and pink, and transparent blue.

* *Cat's-paw*, a momentary ripple.

A cry from my companions made me turn my head. The barque's sails were shivering as she luffed up* to the wind. Directly after a boat was seen to be lowered, and being quickly manned, it pulled towards us. Then indeed our hearts rose in our bosoms, and we shouted with joy. Still we paddled on, and the boat seemed flying towards us. She was quite close to us, when, in our joy, we waved our paddles above our heads, and gave way to another shout.

"Hallo," exclaimed a voice from the boat; "hallo, mates, we didn't see you."

Luckily, however, they had seen a signal which we had left fluttering on the iceberg, although they had overlooked us. The surgeon of the ship never having before seen an iceberg, was gazing at it with his glass, and was the first to notice our handkerchiefs; and not being able to make out what they were, he had directed them to the captain's attention. This led to the search.

We were hoisted on board, unable to help ourselves, and were received by the captain, officers, and crew with the greatest kindness and attention.

Scarcely had our feet touched the deck of the barque, than a strong breeze sprang up, which sent her at the rate of some seven knots† an hour through the water, far away from the iceberg. Before, however, she had run out of sight of that floating island, the glittering summits were seen to lean forward, and, with a crash which could be heard by us at so great a distance, to fall prostrate in the water.

Peter The Whaler.

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* *Luffed up*, broached to, *i. e.*, the sails eased of their wind for the purpose of altering the course.

† *Knot*, nautical mile = $1\frac{1}{8}$.

THE MERCHANT VESSEL.

WE had a tedious passage from America, and were already forty-eight days out when we sighted Cape Clear. It had been blowing quite heavily for several days, and we had made good progress, even under the short canvas we dared to show to it.

Our barque was stiffer than ordinary, on account of having an unusual quantity of ballast* under the cotton. And to this fortunate circumstance we in all probability owed our lives and the safety of the ship.

We had just furled our sails for the purpose of lying-to † all night, when one of the seamen descried a light upon the lee bow.‡ The mate was aloft instantly, to convince himself that we were not deceived. Sure enough there was the light — Cape Clear Light, as we all knew it to be — plainly visible at a distance of not more than twelve or thirteen miles.

We had now the choice before us, either to turn about before the wind, and run around the southern point of Ireland, by which we might be delayed a week or more; or to carry sail, and force her past the point, when we would have a fair wind into Liverpool, and be safely moored in the docks in thirty-six hours.

The captain and mate talked for a few minutes, when orders were given to loose the sails, and prepare to face the risk.

"She *must* weather that light, boys," said the captain,

* *Ballast*, stones or other heavy material laid at the bottom of a ship, to steady it.

† *Lying-to*, stopping — by means of a counterbalancing disposition of the sails.

‡ *Lee bow*, that defended from the wind; in the case of a ship's *head pointing as* above, it is to the left.

coming forward to give us a pull at the ropes; "she must weather it, if we give her whole topsails."

We put the sail on her, and as she filled and gathered headway through the sea, it seemed as though every stick must go out of her, so heavily did everything appear strained. The vessel lay fairly over on her side, and the gale scarcely allowed her to lift her head at all. The motion was that of a continual scudding * plunge, as though going deeper and deeper all the time. The vast billows rolled under her, and as she dived down into the trough of the seas, it seemed sometimes as though she were never to rise.

The best helmsman was sent to the wheel, and all hands remained upon deck, keeping the bearings of the light steadily in view. Our progress, owing to the exceedingly heavy sea, was but slow. After an hour's sailing the light was a little farther aft †, but it was also much nearer, showing that we were drifting very fast down upon it.

At ten o'clock the light seemed fearfully plain, almost casting its glare upon our deck. The gale seemed increasing in fury, the clouds flew wildly across the moon, and the storm-wind shrieked through the creaking cordage.

Eleven o'clock came, and the light looked as though almost hung over our heads.

At twelve o'clock the light was now almost alongside, but we seemed to be drifting upon it too fast for escape.

"Unless the wind favors us, lads, another half-hour will find us in the breakers," said the skipper ‡, who had come forward, perhaps to take a last look at his crew.

"Well, sir, we've done all we can, and the rest is with

* *Scudding*, precipitate, headlong.

† *Aft*, towards the after, or stern-part, *i. e.*, the light rather more to the left.

‡ *Skipper*, master or captain of a merchant vessel.

God," said an old tar, resignedly. "It's a windy night, and if the old craft once gets into the breakers, a very few minutes will make an end of all."

Now the wind favored us a little: it was evidently changing — probably affected by the land, which could not have been more than half a mile distant.

We could distinguish the dull, deafening roar of the surf as it broke upon the little islet upon which stands the lighthouse. We could already feel the tremendous sweep of the sea toward the rocks. We were on the edge of the fatal ground-swell*, from which, if we once got in it, no power on earth could bring us out again.

The wind continued to shift†; and also moderated fast, as we drew more under the land. At last, by half-past two we were steering our course up Channel, with whole topsails set. The sun rose next morning bright and clear; the gale of the preceding night had calmed down to a gentle breeze; and the sea had died away. We were going along quickly before the wind, with the "Head of Kinsale" on our larboard bow.‡

On the evening of the next day we came to anchor in the Mersey.

Merchant Vessel.

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* *Ground-swell*, the swell or roll of billows near the shore or in shallow water.

† *Shift*, veer; change direction.

‡ *Larboard bow*, left (to one looking towards the prow).

ALEXANDER SELKIRK; OR, ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THE name of Robinson Crusoe, or Alexander Selkirk, is familiar to all, from the fact of his having lived long alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure, frequently, of conversing with the man soon after his arrival in England. As he is a man of good sense, it was a matter of great curiosity to hear him give an account of that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company for the space of but one evening is to the generality of mankind, we may have a notion how fearful a necessary and constant solitude was to a man, bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to eat, drink, and sleep in fellowship and company.

He was put ashore* from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had had a difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion was a sea-chest, his wearing clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible and other books, and a dog.

As provisions he had only the quantity of two meals. As the island abounded only in wild goats, cats, and rats, he thought it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief by gathering shell-fish on the shore, than by seeking game with his gun. He accordingly secured great quantities, and, subsequently, found abundance of turtle, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in the form of jellies.

The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest

* *Put on shore.* Sometime about the year 1660.

diversions from the reflections of his lonely condition. When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society came upon him. The support of his body was easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy; he was scarcely able to refrain from doing himself violence. At last, by the force of reason, frequent reading of the Scriptures, and constant occupation, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition.

Then the vigor of his health returned; while a cheerful serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast, and his existence much more joyful than it had before been irksome.

The precaution which he took against want, in case of sickness, was to lame kids when they were young, so as that they might recover their health, yet never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and, as he was swift of foot, he could catch the fastest goat running up a hill at full speed.

His habitation was extremely infested with rats, which gnawed his clothes and feet when sleeping. To defend himself against them, he fed and tamed numbers of cats, which lay about his bed.

When his clothes were quite worn out, he dried, and tacked together the skins of goats, with which he clothed himself. These enabled him to pass through woods, bushes, and brambles with as much carelessness as any animal.

This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant that he never had a moment heavy upon his hand; his nights were untroubled, and his days joyous, from the practice of temperance and from regular exercise.

Steele

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I ASCERTAIN THE FRUITFULNESS OF THE ISLAND.

HAVING been in this unhappy island above ten months, all possibility of deliverance seemed to be entirely taken from me; and I firmly believed that no human shape had ever set foot upon that place. Having built a kind of hut or rather secret fort, surrounded by a thick enclosure of brushwood, by the sea-shore, I had a great desire to make a survey of the island, and to see if I could find productions which I yet knew nothing of.

It was on the 15th of July (1660), that I set out on a tour* which I had decided on making. I first went up the creek, where I had come on shore, with my goods, from the vessel. I found, after I had gone about two miles up, that the tide did not flow any higher; and that it was no more than a little brook of running water, very fresh and good; but this being the dry season, there was hardly any water in some parts of it; at least not enough to run in a stream. On the banks of this brook I found many pleasant meadows, covered with grass. I searched for the cassava root, which the Indians, in all that climate, make their bread of, but I could find none. I saw large plants of aloes, but did not then know their worth. I saw several wild sugar-canes.

The next day, the 16th, I went up the same way again; and after going somewhat further than I had gone the day before, the country became more woody. In this part I found different fruits, and among them, plenty of melons upon the ground, in great abundance, and grapes upon the trees; the vines had spread indeed over the trees, and the clusters of grapes were just then in perfection very ripe and rich. I found an excellent use for these grapes; and that was to cure or dry them in the sun, and keep them as dried grapes

* *Tour* (toor), a journey either on pleasure or business.

or raisins are kept. These I thought would be, as indeed they proved, wholesome and agreeable to eat when no grapes could be had.

All the country appeared so fresh, so green, so flourishing, that it looked like a planted garden. I found now I had business enough, to gather and carry the grapes home. I resolved to lay up a store of grapes, limes, and lemons, to provide for the wet season, which I knew was approaching.

The next day, with this view, I went back, having made two small bags to bring home my harvest; but I was surprised on coming to my heap of grapes, which were so rich and fine when gathered, to find them all spread about, trod to pieces, and dragged about, some here, some there, and abundance eaten and devoured. From this I concluded there were some wild creatures thereabouts, which had done this; but what they were I knew not. However, as I found it was no use laying up the fruit in heaps, and no use carrying them away in a sack — for in one way they would be spoiled, and in the other they would be crushed with their own weight—I took a different course. I gathered a large quantity of the grapes, and hung them upon the outer branches of the trees, that they might cure and dry in the sun; and as for the limes and lemons, I took as many back as I could well carry.

I was so charmed with this place, that I spent much of my time here for the whole of the remaining part of the month of July. Here I built a little kind of bower, and surrounded it at a distance with a strong fence, or double hedge, as high as I could reach, well staked, and filled between with brushwood. I lay here very secure, sometimes two or three nights at a time; and, as I had arranged to do with my other residence, or rather fort, I always went over into it with a ladder. Now I had my country house and my sea-coast house.

THE RAINY AND THE DRY SEASON, WHICH I TURN TO GOOD ACCOUNT.

About the beginning of August I finished my bower, and began to enjoy myself in it. On the 3rd of August I found the grapes I had hung up perfectly dried, and indeed they were excessively good raisins; so I began to take them down from the trees. Lucky it was that I did so, for the rains which followed would have spoiled them, and I would thus have lost the best part of my winter food; for I had above two hundred large bunches of them. No sooner had I taken them down, and carried them to a cave, which I then used as a storehouse, than it began to rain; and henceforth —that is, from the 14th of August—it rained, more or less, every day, till the middle of October; and sometimes so violently, that I could not stir out of my den for several days.

During this confinement in my cover by the rain, I worked daily two or three hours at enlarging my house, and by degrees worked it on towards one side, till I came to the outside of the hill. There I made a door or way out, which reached beyond my fence or wall; and I came in and out this way. But I was not perfectly easy at lying so open; for, in my sea-side residence, I was in a perfect enclosure; whereas now, I thought I lay exposed to anything that might come in upon me. Nevertheless I could not perceive that there was any living thing to fear, the biggest creature that I had yet seen upon the island being a goat.

The rainy season and the dry season began now to appear regular to me, and I learned to divide them so as to provide for them accordingly; but I had to buy all my experience, and that dearly; and what I am going to relate was one of the most discouraging experiments I made.

I had saved a few ears of barley and rice; and now I thought it a proper time to sow it, after the rains, the sun

being in its southern position, going from me. Accordingly, I dug up a piece of ground as well, as I could, with my wooden spade, and dividing it into two parts, I sowed my grain. But as I was sowing, it casually occurred to me that I should not sow it all at first, because I did not know what was the proper time for it: so I sowed about two-thirds of the seeds, leaving about a handful of each. It was a great present comfort to me that I did so, for not one grain of what I sowed came at that time to anything: the dry months following, the seed had no moisture to assist its growth, and it did not sprout till the wet season had come again. Then, however, it grew as if it had been but newly sown.

Meanwhile, finding my first seed did not grow, which I easily imagined was on account of the drought, I sought for a moister place to make another trial in; and I dug up a piece of ground near my new bower, and sowed the rest of my seed in the following February. This, having the rainy months of March and April to water it, sprung up very pleasantly, and yielded a fair good crop; but having only part of the seed left, and not daring to sow all that I had, I had but a small quantity after all: my whole crop did not amount to above half a peck of each kind. By this experiment, however, I was made master of my business, and knew exactly when it was the proper season to sow, and that I might expect two seed-times and two harvests every year.

I MAKE AN EXCURSION OVER MY DOMINIONS.

I mentioned above that I had a great mind to see the whole island, and that I had travelled up the brook, and so on to where I built my bower. I now resolved to travel quite across to the sea-shore on that side; so, taking my gun, a hatchet, and my dog, and a larger quantity of powder and shot than usual, not forgetting two biscuit-

cakes and a great bunch of raisins in my pouch, for my food, — I began my journey. When I had passed the vale where my bower stood, I came within view of the sea to the west, and it being a very clear day, I fairly descried land,—whether an island or a continent I could not tell; but it lay very high.

I could not guess what part of the world this might be, otherwise than that I knew it must be part of America; for I concluded, from all my observations, I must be near the Spanish possessions. Perhaps this part was all inhabited by savages, where, if I had landed, I would have been in a worse condition than I was now. I therefore submitted to the dispositions of Providence, which I began now to own and to believe ordered everything for the best; I say I quieted my mind with this, and left off afflicting myself with fruitless wishes of being over there.

Besides, after some thought upon this affair, I considered that if this land were the Spanish coast, I should certainly, one time or other, see some vessel pass one way or another. But if not, then it was the savage coast between the Spanish country and the Brazils, where are found the worst of savages; for they are cannibals, or men-eaters, and fail not to murder and devour all the human beings that fall into their hands.

With these thoughts, I walked very leisurely forwards. I found that side of the island, where I now was, much pleasanter than mine,—the open fields sweet, adorned with flowers and grass, and full of very fine woods. I saw abundance of parrots, and fain would I have caught one, if possible, for the purpose of taming, and teaching it to speak to me. I did, after some painstaking, catch a young parrot, for I knocked it down with a stick, and having recovered it, I brought it home.

I did not travel in this journey above two miles outright,

or thereabouts, in a day; but I took so many turns and returns, to see what discoveries I could make, that I would arrive weary enough at the place where I chose to sit down all night. Then I would either repose in a tree, or surround myself with a row of stakes set upright in the ground, so as that no wild creature could come at me without waking me.

As soon as I came to the sea-shore, I became sure that I had taken up my lot on the worst side of the island; for here, indeed, the shore was covered with innumerable turtles, whereas, on the other side, I had found but three in a year and a half. Here was also a large number of fowls of many kinds, some of which I had not seen before.

I confess this side of the country was much pleasanter than mine; but yet I had not the least inclination to remove, for as I was fixed in my habitation it became natural to me, and I seemed all the while I was here to be, as it were, on a journey, and from home. However, I travelled along the shore of the sea towards the east, I suppose about twelve miles, and then setting up a great pole upon the shore as a mark, I decided to go home again; and that the next journey I took should be on the other side of the island, east from my dwelling, and so round till I came to the post again.

On my return, my dog started a young kid, and seized it, while I, running in to take hold of it, caught it, and saved it alive from the dog. I had a great mind to bring it home if I could, for I had often been musing whether it might not be possible to get a kid or two, and so raise a breed of tame goats, which might supply me when my powder and shot should be all spent. I made a collar for this little creature, and with a string, which I made of some rope-yarn, which I always carried about me, I led *him* along, though with some difficulty. When I came to

my bower, I enclosed him and left him; for I was very impatient to be at home, whence I had been absent above a month.

I cannot express what a satisfaction it was to me to come into my old hutch, and lie down in my hammock-bed. This little wandering journey, without settled place of abode, had been so unpleasant to me, that my own house seemed to me comfort itself in comparison. In short, I resolved I would never go a great way from it again, while it should be my lot to stay on the island.

I remained here a week, to rest and refresh myself after my long journey; during which, most of the time was taken up in the weighty affair of making a cage for my Poll, who began now to be quite a domestic, and to be well acquainted with me. Then I began to think of the poor kid which I had penned in within my little circle, and resolved to go and fetch it home, or give it some food. Accordingly I went, and found it where I had left it, for indeed it could not get out; and it was almost starved for want of food. I went and cut boughs of trees, and branches of such shrubs as I could find, and threw it over, and having fed it, I tied it as I did before, to lead it away; but it was so tame from being hungry, that I had no need to have tied it, for it followed me like a dog. As I continually fed it, the creature became so loving, so gentle, and so fond of me, that it was numbered from that time as one of my domestics; and it never left me afterwards.

HOW I DID AS A FARMER.

About the latter end of December, which was the second harvest-time of the year, my corn was ripe. I was sadly at a loss for a scythe or sickle to cut it down, and all I could do was to make one, as well as I could, out of one of the broad swords, or cutlasses, which I had taken from among

the other things from the sh[illegible] I water[illegible] as my first crop was but small. [illegible] it down. It [illegible] if but th[illegible] which I [illegible] At the [illegible] of my half [illegible] about two [illegible] as nearly as [illegible] time.

[illegible] me: for I [illegible] supply me [illegible] again, for I [illegible] make meal of my corn, or [illegible] for, if made into meal, [illegible] how to make it, yet I know [illegible] These things being added to my [illegible] of securing a [illegible] I resolved not to use any of this crop, but [illegible] against the next season. I resolved, [illegible] to devote all my leisure and working [illegible] preparations for accomplishing this impor- [illegible] of providing me with corn and bread.

[illegible] truly said, that [illegible] for my bread. [illegible] people have the [illegible] upon the strange [illegible] of little things necessary [illegible] for the pro- [illegible] dressing, making [illegible] of this one [illegible] who [illegible] in a mere state of [illegible] and I was [illegible] I had got [illegible] said, came [illegible] surprise.

[illegible] spade or [illegible] by making a [illegible] but this did my work

but in a wooden manner; and though it cost me a great many days to make it, yet, for want of iron, it not only wore out soon, but made my work the harder and the more slovenly. However, this I bore with, and was content to work it out with patience, and bear with the badness of the performance. When the corn was sown, I had no harrow, but was forced to go over it myself, and drag a great heavy bough of a tree over it, to scratch it, as it may be called, rather than to rake or harrow it. When it was growing, and grown, I have observed already how many things I wanted to fence it, secure it, mow or reap it, and carry it home; then thrash, and save it. Then I wanted a mill to grind it, sieves to dress it, yeast and salt to make it into bread, and an oven to bake it. But all these things I managed to do without, as shall be presently shown.

MY HOME-MADE EARTHENWARE.

Within doors—that is, during the wet season, when I could not go out — I found employment in the following occupations, — always observing, that all the while I was at work, I diverted myself with talking to my parrot, and teaching him to speak; and I quickly taught him to know his own name, and at last to speak it out pretty loud. Indeed, "Poll" was the first word I ever heard spoken in the island by any mouth but my own. This, therefore, was not my work, but an assistance to my work; for now, as I said, I had a great deal of work upon my hands, as follows: I had long studied to make, by some means or other, some earthen vessels, which indeed I wanted sorely, but knew not how to get at them. However, considering the heat of the climate, I did not doubt but if I could find out any clay, I might be able to make some pots, that, be[illegible] dried in the sun, might be hard and strong enough to [illegible] handling, and to hold anything that was dry, and that req[illegible]

to be kept so. Now, as this was necessary in the preparing of corn, meal, &c., which was the thing I was doing, I resolved to make some as large as I could, and fit only to stand like jars, to hold what should be put into them.

It would make the reader pity me, or rather laugh at me, to tell how many awkward ways I took to raise this paste; what odd, mis-shapen, ugly things I made; how many of them fell in, and how many fell out — the clay not being stiff enough to bear its own weight; how many cracked by the over violent heat of the sun, being set out too hastily; and how many fell in pieces merely with removing, before as well as after they were dried. In a word, after having labored hard to find the clay; to dig it, to temper it, to bring it home, and to work it, I could not make above two large earthen ugly things—I cannot call them jars — in about two months.

However, as the sun baked these two very dry and hard, I lifted them very gently up, and set them down again in two great wicker baskets which I had made on purpose for them, that they might not break. These two pots, which were always to stand dry, I thought would hold my dry corn, and perhaps the meal, when the corn was bruised.

Though I failed so badly in my design for large pots, yet I made several smaller things with better success; such as little round pots, flat dishes, pitchers, and pipkins, and any things my hand turned to; and the heat of the sun baked them quite hard. By and by, however, I succeeded in making good large pots also.

HOW I BECAME MY OWN MILLER AND BAKER.

My next concern was to get a stone mortar to stamp or beat some corn in; for as to a mill, there was no chance of one arriving at that perfection of art with one pair of hands. *To supply this* want, I was at a great loss; for, of all the

trades in the world, I was as perfectly unfit for a stone-cutter as for any whatever; neither had I any tools to set about it with. I spent many a day to find out a great stone, big enough to be hollowed out, with the purpose of making it fit for a mortar; but I could find none at all except what was in the solid rock, and which I had no way to dig or cut out. I, therefore, resolved to look out for a great block of hard wood, which, indeed, I found much easier. Getting one as big as I had strength to stir, I rounded it, and formed it on the outside with my axe and hatchet; then, with the help of fire, I made a hollow place in it, as the Indians in Brazil make their canoes. After this, I made a great heavy pestle, or beater, of hard wood; and this I prepared and laid by for my next crop of corn, which I proposed to grind, or rather pound, into meal, to make bread.

The baking part was the next thing to be considered, and how I should make bread when I came to have corn; for I had no yeast. As to that want, there was no supplying it, so I did not concern myself much about it; but for an oven, I was indeed in great perplexity. At length I found out an experiment for that also, and it was this: I made some earthen vessels very broad, but not deep, that is to say, about two feet across, and not above nine inches deep. These I burned in the fire, as I had done the other, and laid them by; and when I wanted to bake, I made a great fire upon my hearth, which I had paved with some square tiles, of my own baking and burning.

When the firewood had burned pretty well into embers, or live coals, I drew them forward upon this hearth, so as to cover it all over, and there I let them lie till the hearth was very hot. Then, sweeping away all the embers, I set down my loaf, or loaves, and placing the earthen pot upon them, drew the embers all round the outside of the pot, to

keep in, and add to the heat. Thus, as well as in the best oven in the world, I baked my barley-loaves; and I became, in little time, a good pastry-cook into the bargain; for I made myself several cakes and puddings of the rice. But I made no pies, neither had I anything to put into them, supposing I had, except the flesh either of fowls or goats.

It need not be wondered at, if all these things took me up most part of the third year of my abode here; for, it is to be observed, that in the intervals of these things I had my new harvest and husbandry to manage. I reaped my corn in its season, and carried it home as well as I could; and I laid it up in the ear, in my large baskets, till I had time to rub it out, for I had no floor to thrash it on, or instrument to thrash it with.

And now, indeed, my stock of corn increasing, I really wanted to build my barns bigger: I wanted a place to lay it up in; for the stock of seed now yielded me so much, that I had of the barley about twenty bushels, and of the rice as much, or more. I was now safe in resolving to begin to use it freely.

I AM STARTLED BY THE PRINT OF A MAN'S FOOT.

I cannot say, that after this for five years anything extraordinary happened. I lived on as before, as contented as I could well be; for I had a natural longing for my country and my home, or even for the society of man of whatever kind. At last, however, a circumstance happened which gave a new bent to my thoughts.

It happened one day, about noon, that I was startled by the print of a man's naked foot, which was very plainly to be seen, on the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen a ghost. I listened, I looked round me, but I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground, to look farther; I went up the shore, and

down the shore, but it was all one: I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that supposition, for there was exactly the print of a foot—toes, heel, and every part of a foot.

How it came thither I knew not, nor could I in the least imagine; but after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came to my sea-side house, hardly feeling the ground I went on, and terrified to the last degree. I looked behind me at every two or three steps, suspecting every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man. Nor is it possible to describe in how many various shapes my affrighted imagination represented things to me; how many wild ideas found their way every moment into my fancy; and what strange notions came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle—for so I think I called it ever after this—I fled into it like one pursued. Whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I had called a door, I cannot remember; no! nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I slept none that night; I tossed about in my hammock, even more confused and terrified than I had been at noon. I tried to chase away my fears; but the question, How can the footprint have come there? was always recurring. At last I came to the conclusion that it must be some of the savages of the main-land opposite, who having wandered out to sea in their canoes, had been driven by the currents or by contrary winds to the island. If so, it was clear they had been on shore, and had, probably, gone away again to sea, — being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island as I would have been to have had them.

In the midst of these fears the thought one day occurred to me, that all this might be a mere fancy of my own, and that this foot might be the print of my own foot, made as I walked on the beach. This cheered me up a little, too, and I began to persuade myself my fear was all a delusion; that the foot-print was no other than my own. Again, I considered that I could by no means tell, for certain, where I had trod, and where I had not. If it turned out, that this was simply the print of my own foot, I had played the part of those fools who try to make stories of ghosts, and then are frightened at them more than anybody

Now I began to take courage, and to peep abroad again, for I had not stirred out of my castle for three days and nights. My provisions ran short; for I had little or nothing within doors but some barley-cakes and water: then, too, I knew that my goats wanted to be milked; and this was usually my evening diversion. Encouraging myself, therefore, with the belief that this was nothing but the print of one of my own feet; and that I might be truly said to have been startled at my own shadow—I began to go abroad again, and went to my country-house to milk my flock. But to see with what fear I went forward; how often I looked behind me; how I was ready, every now and then, to lay down my basket, and run for my life, it would have made any one fancy I was haunted with an evil conscience.

However, I went down thus two or three days; and, seeing nothing, I began to be a little bolder, and to think there was really nothing in it but my own imagination; but I could not persuade myself fully of this till I should go down to the shore again, and see this print of a foot, and measure it by my own, to observe if there was any likeness or fitness, that I might be assured it was my own foot. Now, when I came to the spot—first, it appeared clear to me, that when I had *been down* at the beach, I could not possibly have been any

where thereabouts: secondly, when I came to measure the mark with my own foot, I found my foot not so large by a great deal. Both these facts filled my head with new imaginations, and I shook with cold fear, like one in an ague. I went home again, filled with the belief that some man or men had been on shore there; or, in short, that the island was inhabited, and I might be surprised before I was aware. What course to take for my security I knew not.

Time, however, began to wear off my uneasiness; and I soon found myself living in the same composed manner as before. Of course, I kept my eyes more about me; and, particularly, I was more cautious about firing my gun, lest the report should be heard by any of the savages!

MY KINGDOM IS INVADED BY SAVAGES.

It was now my twenty-third year of residence on the island; and this, being the winter—or rather the autumn of this region, for winter there is none—was the particular time of my harvest, and required me to be pretty much abroad in the fields. Going out early one morning, even before it was thorough daylight, I was surprised at seeing a light of some fire upon the shore, at a distance from me of about two miles.

I was indeed terribly surprised at the sight, and stopped short within my grove, not daring to go out, lest I might be caught. Nevertheless, I had no more peace within, from the fears I had that if these savages, in rambling over the island, should find my corn standing or cut, or any of my works and buildings, they would immediately conclude that there were people in the place, and would then never rest till they had found me out. In this extremity I went back directly to my castle; pulled up the ladder after me, and made all things without look as wild and natural as I could.

Then I prepared myself within, putting myself in a posture

of defence. I loaded all my cannon, as I called them,—that is to say, my muskets, which were mounted upon my new fortification. My pistols, too, were primed and ready; in short, I resolved to defend myself to the last gasp,—not forgetting seriously to commend myself to the Divine protection, and earnestly to pray to God to deliver me out of the hands of the barbarians.

I continued in this uncertainty about two hours, and began to be impatient for news abroad, for I had no spies to send out. After sitting a little longer, and musing what I should do in this jeopardy, I was unable to bear further suspense; so setting my ladder to the side of the hill, and then pulling it after me, I set it up again, and thus mounted to the top of the hill. Pulling out my spy-glass, which I had taken on purpose, I lay down flat on my belly on the ground, and began to look for the place. I presently found there were no less than nine naked savages, sitting round a small fire they had made—not to warm themselves, for the weather was warm enough—but, as I supposed, to dress some of their barbarous diet of human flesh which they had brought with them, whether alive or dead I could not tell.

They had two canoes with them, which they had hauled up upon the shore; and as it was then ebb of tide, they seemed to me to be waiting for the return of the flood to go away again. It is not easy to imagine what dismay this sight put me into, especially since they had come on my side of the island, and so near to me. But when I considered their arrival must always be with the current of the ebb, I began afterwards to be more calm, resting satisfied that I might go abroad with safety all the time of the flood-tide, if they were not on shore before. Having made this observation, I went abroad about my harvest work with the more composure.

As I expected, so it proved; for, as soon as the tide set in to the westward, I saw them all take to their canoes, and paddle away.

MY ISLAND IS AGAIN INVADED BY SAVAGES.

About a year and a half after this, I was surprised one morning at seeing no less than five canoes all on shore at one time on my side of the island: the people who belonged to them must all have landed, as they were not in the boats. The number of them disturbed all my plans; for, seeing so many, and knowing that there were always four or six, and sometimes more in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how, single-handed, to set about an attack on twenty or thirty men. I therefore lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted. However, I put myself into the same position for an attack that I had formerly arranged, and was quite ready for action in case of need.

Having waited a good while, listening to hear if they made any noise, I at length became very impatient. I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill, by my two stages, as usual. I stood in such manner, however, that my head did not appear above the hill, so that they could not notice me. Here I observed, by means of my glass, that there were no less than thirty in number; that they had a fire kindled, and meat dressed. How they had cooked it I knew not, neither could I see what kind it was; but they were all dancing, after their own fashion, in all sorts of barbarous gestures and attitudes, round the fire.

While I was thus looking on them, I perceived, by my glass, two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where, it seems, they had been laid by, but were now brought out for the slaughter. I noticed one of them im-

mediately fall—being knocked down, I suppose, with a club, or wooden sword, for that was their way of killing. Two or three others set to work immediately cutting him open for the purpose of being roasted; while the other victim was left standing by himself, till they should be ready for him. At that very moment, this poor wretch, seeing himself a little at liberty, and being unbound, was inspired with hopes of life: he started away from them, and ran with incredible swiftness along the sands, directly towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frightened, I must acknowledge, when I saw him run my way; and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. I expected that he would certainly take shelter in my grove: but I could not tell that the other savages would not pursue him thither, and find him there. However, I kept my station, and my spirits began to recover when I found that there were not above three men that followed him. Still more was I encouraged, when I found that he outstripped them exceedingly in running, and gained ground on them; so that, if he could but hold out for half an hour, I saw easily he would fairly get away from them all.

There was between them and my castle, the creek where I had landed my cargoes from the wreck; and this I saw plainly he must necessarily swim over, otherwise the poor wretch would there be caught. But when the runaway came to the creek, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but, plunging in, swam over it in about thirty strokes, or thereabouts; landed, and ran with remarkable strength and swiftness. When the three savages came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not. Standing on the other side, he looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after *went slowly* back again; this, as it happened, was very

lucky for him in the end. I observed that the two who swam were twice as long swimming over the creek, as the fellow who fled from them.

I FIND A FRIENDLY SAVAGE.

It came very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was the time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant; and that I was plainly called by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately ran down the ladders with all possible haste; fetched my two guns — for they were both at the foot of the ladders, as I observed before — and, getting up again speedily to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea.

Making a very short cut, and all down hill, I placed myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled. He, on looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at his enemies; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back. In the meantime I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then, rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece. I was loath to fire, because I did not want the rest to hear the report; though, at that distance, it would not have been easily heard, and being out of sight of the smoke, too, they would not have known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other, who pursued him, stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced towards him: but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me. I was, therefore, obliged to shoot at him first — which I did, and killed him on the spot.

The poor runaway savage, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed, as he thought, yet was so frightened with the fire and noise of my piece, that he

stood stock still. He neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined still to flee than to advance. I hallooed again to him, and beckoned him to come forward. My signs he easily understood, and he came a little way. He hesitated, and then approached a little farther, and stopped again. I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and was about to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned to him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of. He kept coming nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of gratitude for my saving his life. I smiled at him, and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me; and then he kneeled down again, kissed the earth, and laid his head upon the ground. Taking me by the foot, he set it upon his head: this, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave for ever. I took him up, and patted him gently.

But there was yet more work to do; for I perceived the savage, whom I had knocked down, was not killed, but merely stunned, and he began to come to himself: so I pointed to him, and showed that he was not dead. Upon this my new friend spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet they were pleasant to hear; for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard, my own excepted, for above twenty-five years. But there was no time for such reflections now; the savage, who was knocked down, recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground, and I observed that my friend began to be afraid. When I saw this, I presented my other gun at the man, with the intention of shooting him: upon this, my companion, for so I call him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt

by my side. He no sooner had it, than he ran to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head very cleverly.

When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brings me the sword again, with abundance of gestures which I did not understand; laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed, just before me.

But what astonished him most, was the way in which I had killed the other Indian so far off; so pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him; and I told him, as well as I could, to go. When he came to him, he stood amazed—looking at him, turning him first on one side, then on the other. He examined the wound the bullet had made, which it seems was just in his breast, where it had made a hole; and, although no great quantity of blood had followed, he must have bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. He took up his bow and arrows, and came back. I now turned to go away, and beckoned him to follow me, making signs to him that the other savages might come. Upon this, he made signs to me that he should bury them in the sand, that they might not be seen by the rest, if they followed: accordingly I made signs to him to do so. He fell to work; and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands, big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it, and covered him; he then did the same to other also.

THE CHARACTER OF MY SAVAGE FRIEND.

Now, calling my man away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great need of, as he had had a good race. Having refreshed him, I made signs to him to go and lie down to sleep, showing

him a place where I had laid some rice-straw, with a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes. Accordingly the poor creature lay down, and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well made, with straight strong limbs, not too large, tall and well shaped; and as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly one, and it seemed to have something very manly in its expression; and yet it had all the sweetness and softness of an European's especially when he smiled. His hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large; and great liveliness and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of his skin was not quite black, though very tawny. His face was round and plump; his nose small, not flat like the negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his fine teeth well set, and as white as ivory.

After he had slumbered, rather than slept, about half an hour, he awoke again, and came out of the cave to me; for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the inclosure hard by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of a humble, thankful disposition, making a great many odd gestures to show it. At last he laid his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and set my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and after this, made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude, and submission, imaginable, to let me know how he would serve me so long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and to teach him to speak to me; and, first, I let him know his name should be FRIDAY, which was the day I saved his life: I called him so in memory of the day. I likewise taught him to say

"master;" and then let him know *that* was to be my name: I likewise taught him to say "Yes" and "No," along with the meaning of them.

HOW FRIDAY AND I FALL IN WITH WHITE SAVAGES.

I was fast asleep in my hammock one morning, when my man Friday came running in to me, and called aloud, "Master, master, they have come, they have come!" I jumped up, and, regardless of danger, I went out as soon as I could get my clothes on, through my little grove—which, by the way, was by this time grown to be a very thick wood; I say, regardless of danger, I went without my fire-arms, which was not my custom to do. I was surprised, when, turning my eyes to the sea, I presently saw a boat about a league and a half distant, standing in for the shore, with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, as we call it; and the wind was blowing pretty fair to bring it in. I observed, presently, that they did not come from that side which the shore lay on, but from the southern end of the island.

Upon this I called Friday in, and bade him lie close, saying these were not the people we looked for, and that we could not yet know whether they were friends or enemies. In the next place, I went in to fetch my spy-glass to see what I could make of them; and, having taken the ladder out, I climbed up to the top of the hill, as before, in order to take my view the plainer, without being discovered. I had scarcely set my foot upon the hill, when my eye plainly discovered a ship lying at anchor, at about two leagues and a half distance from me in a south-easterly direction. By my observation, it appeared plainly to be an English ship, and the boat appeared to be an English long-boat.

I cannot express the confusion I felt on seeing a ship, and one that I had reason to believe was manned by my own countrymen, and consequently friends. I say I can-

not describe the joy I felt; but still I had some secret doubts hanging about me—I cannot tell how—bidding me keep upon my guard. In the first place, it occurred to me to consider what business an English ship could have in that part of the world, since it was not the way to or from any part of the world where the English had any traffic. I knew there had been no storms to drive them in there, in distress; and that if they were really English, it was most probable that they were here upon no good design. And I thought I had better continue as I was, than fall into the hands of thieves and murderers.

I had not kept myself long in this anxiety when I saw the boat draw near the shore, as if the people in it were looking for a creek to thrust in at, for the convenience of landing. Happily, as they did not come quite far enough, they did not see my little inlet. They ran their boat on shore upon the beach, at about half a mile from me. This was very lucky for me; for otherwise they would have landed just at my door, as I may say, and would soon have beaten me out of my castle, and perhaps have plundered me of all I had.

When they were on shore, I was fully satisfied they were Englishmen, at least most of them. One or two I thought were Dutch, but this did not prove to be the case. There were in all, eleven men, three of whom I found were unarmed, and, as I thought, bound; and when the first four or five of them had jumped on shore, they took those three out of the boat, as prisoners. One of the three I observed using the most passionate gestures of entreaty, distress, and despair, even to an extravagant degree; the other two, I could perceive, lifted up their hands sometimes, and they appeared greatly concerned, though not to such a degree as the first. I was perfectly confounded at the sight, and *knew not* what the meaning of it might be. Friday called

out to me in English, as well as he could, "O master! you see English mans eats prisoner as well as savage mans."—"Why, Friday," said I, "do you think they are going to eat them then?"—"Yes," said Friday, "they will eat them."—"No, no," said I, "Friday; I am only afraid they will murder them, but you may be sure they will not eat them."

It was just at high water when these people came on shore; and while they rambled about to see what kind of a place they were in, they had carelessly stayed till the tide was spent, and the water had ebbed considerably away, leaving their boat aground. They had left two men in the boat, who, as I found afterwards, having drunk a little too much brandy, had fallen asleep. However, one of them waking a little sooner than the other, and finding the boat too fast aground for him to stir it, hallooed out for the rest, who were straggling about; upon which they all soon came to the boat. But it was past all their strength to launch her, the boat being very heavy, and the shore on that side being a soft oozy sand, almost like quick sand.

In this condition, like true seamen, who are, perhaps, the least of all mankind given to forethought, they gave up the attempt, and away they strolled about the country again; and I heard one of them say aloud to another, calling them off from the boat, "Why, let her alone, Jack, can't you? she'll float next tide." By this I was fully confirmed in the main question as to what countrymen they were.

All this while I kept myself very quiet, not once daring to stir out of my castle, any farther than to my place of observation, near the top of the hill; and very glad I was to think how well it was fortified. I knew it was no less than ten hours before the boat could float again, and by that time it would be dark, and I might be at more liberty to see their motions, and to hear their conversation. In the meantime, I equipped myself for a battle, as before, though with more

caution, knowing I had to do with another kind of enemy than I had at first. I ordered Friday also, whom I had made an excellent marksman with his gun, to load himself with arms. I myself took two fowling-pieces, and I gave him three muskets. My figure, indeed, was very fierce; I had my formidable goat-skin on, with a huge cap, a naked sword by my side, two pistols in my belt, and a gun upon each shoulder.

THE STORY OF THE WHITE SAVAGES.

It was my design, as I said above, not to have made any attempt till it was dark; but about two o'clock, being the heat of the day, I found that the sailors had all gone straggling into the woods, and, as I thought, lain down to sleep. The three poor distressed men, too anxious about their condition to get any sleep, had, however, sat down under the shelter of a great tree, at about a quarter of a mile from me, and, as I thought, out of sight of any of the rest. Upon this, I resolved to show myself to them, and to learn something of their condition. Immediately, I marched as above, my man Friday at a good distance behind me, as terrible for his arms as I.

I came as near them as I could conveniently do, and then, before any of them saw me, I called aloud, in Spanish, "What are ye, gentlemen?" They started up at the sound, but were ten times more confounded when they saw me, and the uncouth figure that I made. They made no answer at all, but I thought I perceived them just going to flee from me. When I spoke to them in English: "Gentlemen," said I, "do not be surprised at me; perhaps you may have a friend near, when you least expected it." "He must be sent directly from Heaven, then," said one of them very gravely to me, and pulling off his hat at the same time to me; "for our condition is past the help of man." "All help *is from* Heaven, sir," said I: "but can you put a stranger

in the way to help you? for you seem to be in some great distress. I saw you when you landed; and when you seemed to make supplication to the brutes that came with you, I saw one of them lift up his sword to kill you."

The poor man, with tears running down his face and trembling, looked like one astonished, replied, "Am I talking to a real man, or an angel?" "Be in no fear about that, sir," said I; "if God had sent an angel to relieve you, he would have come better clothed, and armed after another manner than you see me. Pray, lay aside your fears; I am a man, an Englishman, and ready to assist you. You see I have one servant only; but we have arms and ammunition: tell us freely, can we serve you? What is your case?" "Our case, sir," said he, "is too long to tell you while our murderers are so near us; but, in short, sir, I was commander of that ship; my men have mutinied against me; they have been hardly prevailed on not to murder me, and at last have set me on shore in this lonely place, with these two men with me — one my mate, the other a passenger. We expected to perish, believing the place to be uninhabited, and knew not yet what to think of it." "Where are these brutes, your enemies?" said I; "do you know where they have gone?" "There they lie, sir," said he, pointing to a thicket of trees; "my heart trembles for fear they have seen us, and heard you speak; if they have, they will certainly murder us all." "Have they any fire-arms?" said I. He answered, "They had only two pieces, one of which they left in the boat." "Well, then," said I, "leave the rest to me; I see they are all asleep; it is an easy thing to kill them all; but shall we rather take them prisoners?"

He told me there were two desperate villains among them, whom it was scarce safe to show any mercy to; but, if they were secured, he believed all the rest would return

to their duty. I asked him which they were? He told me he could not at that distance distinguish them, but he would obey my orders in anything I would direct. "Well," said I, "let us retreat out of their view or hearing, lest they awake, and we will consult further."

They went back with me, till the woods covered us from them; and I showed a clear plan of attack. He said, very modestly, that he was loth to kill them if he could help it; but that the two he had mentioned were villains, and had been the authors of all the mutiny in the ship; that if they escaped, we should be undone still, for they would go on board and bring the whole ship's company, and destroy us all. "Well, then," said I, "necessity compels us to kill them, for it is the only way to save our own lives." However, seeing him still cautious of shedding blood, I told him they should go themselves, and manage as they thought fit.

In the middle of this conversation we heard some of the sailors awake, and soon after we saw two of them on their feet. I asked him if either of them were the heads of the mutiny? He said, "No." "Well, then," said I, "you may let them escape; and Providence seems to have awakened them on purpose to save their lives. Now," said I, "if the rest escape you, it is your fault." Animated with this, he took the musket, I had given him, in his hand, and a pistol in his belt, and was joined by his two comrades, each with a piece in his hand. The two men who were with him made some noise, at which one of the seamen, who was awake, turned about, and seeing them coming, cried out to the rest; but it was too late then, for the moment he cried out, they fired — I mean the two men, for the captain wisely reserved his own fire. They had so well aimed their shot at the men they knew, that one of them was killed on the spot, and the other very much wounded;

but not being dead, he started up on his feet, and called eagerly for help to the other. The captain, stepping up to him, told him it was too late to cry for help; he should call upon God to forgive his villany, and with that word knocked him down with the stock of his musket, so that he never spoke more. There were three more in the company, and one of them was slightly wounded.

By this time I had approached; and when they saw their danger, and that it was in vain to resist, they begged for mercy. The captain told them he would spare their lives if they would give him an assurance of their hatred of the treachery they had been guilty of, and would swear to be faithful to him in recovering the ship, and afterwards in carrying her back to Jamaica, whence they came. They gave him the most solemn and sincere promises that could be desired; and he was willing to believe them, and spare their lives—which I was not against—on the condition that they were kept bound hand and foot while they were on the island.

While this was being done, I sent Friday with the captain's mate to the boat with orders to secure her, and bring away the oars and sails, which they did; and by and by three men, who had been — happily for them — straggling from the rest, came back upon hearing the muskets fired. Seeing the captain, who was before their prisoner, now their conqueror, they submitted to be bound also; and so our victory was complete.

WE DECOY THE OTHER MUTINEERS INTO AN AMBUSCADE.

Our business was to consider the necessity of recovering the ship. He agreed with me as to that, but told me he was perfectly at a loss what measures to take, for that there were still six-and-twenty hands on board, who, having entered into a conspiracy, by which they had all forfeited

their lives to the law, would be hardened enough now by desperation. They would know that if they were subdued they would be brought to the gallows as soon as they came to England, or to any of the English colonies. It was, therefore, useless attacking them with so small a number as we were.

I mused for some time upon what he had said, and found it was a very rational conclusion, and that therefore something must be resolved on, and that speedily. The difficulty was how to draw the men, on board ship, into some snare, in order to prevent their landing and destroying us.

When we had carried away all the contents of the boat, we knocked a great hole in her, so that, if they came in strong enough force to master us, they might not carry off the boat. Indeed, I was very far from entertaining the hope that we should manage to recover the ship; but my view was, that if they went away without the boat, I did not much doubt my ability to make her fit to carry us to the Leeward Islands, and so homewards.

Having heaved the boat upon the beach, so high that the tide would not float her off at high-water mark, we heard the ship's gun fire, and make a waft with her ensign as a signal for the boat to come on board. But as no boat stirred, they fired several times, making other signals for the boat. At last, when all their signals and firing proved fruitless, we saw them, by the help of my glass, hoist another boat out, and row towards the shore; and we found, as they approached, that there were no less than ten men in her, and that they had fire-arms with them.

We had, upon the first appearance of the boat coming from the ship, decided to separate our prisoners; and we had, indeed, secured them effectually. Two of them, in whom the captain had but little confidence, I sent with *Friday*, along with one of the three delivered men, to my

cave. Here we left them bound, but gave them provisions; and promised, if they continued there quietly, to grant them liberty in a day or two. We declared, however, that, if they attempted to escape, they should be put to death without mercy.

The other prisoners had better treatment; two of them were kept pinioned, indeed, because the captain was not able to trust them; but the other two were taken into my service, upon the captain's recommendation, and upon their solemnly engaging to live and die with us. Accordingly with these and the three honest ones we amounted to seven men, well armed. I had no doubt we should be able to deal well enough with the ten that were coming, considering what the captain said, namely, that there were three or four honest men among them also.

As soon as they got to the place where the other boat lay, they ran their boat into the beach and all came on shore. Presently they all made for their other boat; and it was easy to see they were very greatly surprised to find her stripped of all her contents, and a great hole in her bottom. After they had mused awhile upon this, they set up two or three great shouts, hallooing with all their might, to try if they could make their companions hear; but all was to no purpose. Then they all came close in a ring, and fired a volley of their small arms. The echoes of the reports made the woods ring: but without any effect.

Those in the cave, we were sure, could not hear it; and those in our keeping dared give no answer to them. The men were so astonished at this, that they resolved to leave three in the boat, while the rest went up into the country to look for their fellows. This was a great disappointment to us, for now we were at a loss what to do. Our seizing those seven men on shore would be of no advantage to us, if we let the boat slip; because they

would row away to the ship, and then the remainder would be sure to weigh anchor and set sail, and so our recovery of the ship would be impossible. However, we had no remedy but to wait and see what events would bring forth.

The seven men set off in their search and the three, who remained in the boat, put her off to a good distance from the shore, and came to anchor to wait for them; so that it was impossible for us to get at those in the boat. The seven men kept close together, marching towards the top of the little hill under which my habitation lay; and we could see them plainly, though they could not notice us. We should have been very glad had they come nearer to us, for then we might have fired at them; or had they gone farther off to allow of our coming forth. But when they had reached the brow of the hill, where they could see a great way into the valleys and woods, which lay towards the north-east part, and where the island lay lowest, they shouted and hallooed till they were weary. Not caring, it seems, to venture far from the shore, nor far from one another, they sat down together under a tree to consult. Had they thought fit to have gone to sleep there, as the other part of them had done, it would all have been plain sailing for us; but they were too full of fears to venture to go to sleep, though they could not tell what the danger was they had to fear.

We waited a great while, though very impatient for their stirring; and were very uneasy, when, after long consultation, we saw them all start up, and march down towards the sea. It seems they had such dreadful apprehensions of the danger of the place, that they resolved to go on board the ship again; give their companions over for lost, and so go on with their intended voyage with the ship.

I now ordered Friday and the captain's mate to go over the little creek westward, and so soon as they came to a little rising ground, about half a mile distant, they

were to halloo out as loud as they could, and wait till they found the seamen heard them; also, as soon as the seamen gave an answer, they were to return it again. I ordered them then, while keeping out of sight, to take a round, always answering when the others hallooed to draw them as far into the island, and among the woods, as possible; and then to wheel about again towards me.

The men were just going into the boat when Friday and the mate hallooed. They presently heard them, and, answering, ran along the shore westward, towards the voice they heard. There they were stopped by the creek; and, the water being up, they could not get over: so they called for the boat to come up and set them over. This, indeed, I expected. When they had crossed over, after having taken the boat a good way into the creek, and being, as it were, in a harbor within the land, I observed that they took one of the three men out of her. He went along with them, so that only two were left in the boat, which was now fastened to the stump of a little tree on the shore.

This was what I wished for; so immediately leaving Friday and the captain's mate to their business, I took the others with me, and, crossing the creek out of their sight, we came suddenly on the two men. One of them, who was lying on the shore, between sleeping and waking, on hearing our approach started up. The captain, who was foremost, ran in upon him, and knocked him down; and then called out to the man in the boat to yield, or he was a dead man. He at once gave in. In the meantime, Friday and the captain's mate so well managed their business with the others, that they drew them by hallooing and answering, from one hill to another, and from one wood to another, till they not only heartily tired them, but left them at a spot from which they were very sure they could not return before it was dark.

OUR AMBUSCADE SUCCEEDS.

We had nothing now to do but to watch for the returning sailors and to fall upon them, so as to make sure work with them. It was several hours after Friday had returned, that they came back to their boat; and we could hear the foremost of them, long before they came quite up, calling to those behind to come along. We could also hear the latter answer, and complain how lame and tired they were, and unable to come any faster: this was very welcome news to us. At length they came up to the boat: but it is impossible to express their confusion when they found it fast aground in the creek, the tide ebbed out, and their two comrades gone. We could hear them call to one another in a most lamentable manner, telling one another they had got into an enchanted island; that either there were inhabitants in it, and they should all be murdered, or else there were devils and spirits in it, and they should all be carried away and devoured. They hallooed again, and called their two comrades by their names a great many times — but no answer.

After some time, we could see them, by the little light there was, running about, wringing their hands like men in despair: sometimes they would go and sit down in the boat to rest themselves; then come ashore again, and walk about again, and do the same thing over again. My men would fain have had me give them leave to fall upon them at once in the dark; but I was willing to take them at some advantage, so as to spare them, and kill as few of them as I could. I was unwilling, too, to hazard the killing of any of our own men, knowing the others were very well armed. I resolved to wait, to see if they did not separate; and therefore, to make sure of them, I drew my ambuscade nearer, and ordered Friday and the captain to creep upon their hands

and feet, as close to the ground as they could, that they might not be discovered; and to get as near them as they possibly could, before they offered to fire.

Having approached in the manner described, the captain and Friday, starting up on their feet, let fly at them. The boatswain was killed upon the spot; the next man was shot in the body, and fell just by him, though he did not die till an hour or two after; and the third ran for it. At the report of the guns I immediately advanced with my whole army, which was now eight men, viz. myself, commander-in-chief; Friday, my lieutenant-general; the captain and his two men, and three prisoners of war whom he had trusted with arms. We came upon them, indeed, in the dark, so that they could not see our number; and I ordered the man they had left in the boat, who was now one of our party, to call them by name, as I wanted to bring them to terms. So he called out as loud as he could to one of them, "Tom Smith! Tom Smith!" Tom Smith answered immediately, "Is that Robinson?" for it seems he knew the voice. The other answered, "Ay, ay; throw down your arms and yield, or you are all dead men this moment." "Whom must we yield to? Where are they?" said Smith again. "Here they are," said Robinson; "here's our captain with his men, who have been hunting you these two hours. The boatswain is killed; Will Fry is wounded, and I am a prisoner; and if you do not yield, you are all lost." "Will they give us quarter then?" said Tom Smith, "and we will yield." "I'll go and ask," said Robinson. He asked the captain; and the captain himself then sung out, "You, Smith, you know my voice; if you lay down your arms immediately, and submit, you shall have your lives."

At the word they all laid down their arms, and begged for their lives; then I sent the man that had spoken to them, with two others, to bind them all; and then my great

army came up and seized them, and their boat. I kept myself and one more out of sight for reasons of State.

WE LAY OUR PLANS FOR SEIZING THE MUTINIED SHIP.

It now dawned upon me that the time of our deliverance had come, and that it would be a most easy thing to bring these fellows in to be hearty in getting possession of the ship. But I retired in the dark from them, that they might not see what kind of a governor they had. I called the captain to me; when I called, at a good distance, one of the men was ordered to speak again, and say to the captain, "Captain, the commander calls for you;" and presently the captain replied, "Tell his Excellency I am just coming." This more completely amazed them, and they all believed the commander was just bye, with his army.

On the captain coming to me, I proposed a plan for seizing the ship, which he liked wonderfully well; and we resolved to put it in execution the next morning. Meanwhile, some of the prisoners were conveyed to the cave, as to a prison; and it was indeed a dismal place, especially to men in their condition. The others I ordered to my bower, and as it was fenced in, and they pinioned, the place was secure enough.

To these in the morning I sent the captain, who was to enter into a parley with them; in other words, to try them, whether he thought they might be trusted or not to go on board and surprise the ship. He talked to them of the injury done him, of the condition they were brought to; that if they were sent to England, they would all be hanged in chains; but, if they would join in so just an attempt as to recover the ship, he would get them the governor's promise of pardon.

Any one may guess how readily such a proposal would be accepted by men in their condition. They fell down *on their knees* to the captain, and promised they would

be faithful to him to the last drop of their blood; that they would own him as their father as long as they lived. "Well," said the captain, "I must go and tell the governor what you say, and see what I can do to bring him to consent to it." So he brought me an account of the temper he found them in, adding that he truly believed they would be faithful.

Our forces were now ordered for the expedition thus:—First, the captain, his mate, and passenger. Second, the two prisoners of the first gang, whom, having had their character from the captain, I had granted pardon to, and trusted with arms. Third, the other two that I had hitherto kept pinioned in my bower, but, on the captain's motion, now released. Fourth, the five last released: so that there were twelve in all, besides a reserve of five, whom we still kept prisoners in the cave.

I asked the captain if he was willing to venture with these hands on board the ship; but as for me and my man Friday, I did not think it was proper for us to stir, having seven men left behind. It was employment enough for us to keep them asunder, and provide them with victuals. As to the five in the cave, I resolved to keep them confined; but Friday went in twice a day to them, to supply them with necessaries.

When I showed myself to the two hostages, it was with the captain, who told them I was the person the governor had ordered to look after them; and that it was the governor's pleasure they should not stir anywhere but by my direction; that if they did, they would be fetched into the castle, and laid in irons. As we never suffered them to see me as governor, I appeared as another person, and spoke of the governor, the garrison, the castle, and the like, on all occasions.

THE ATTACK, AND MY DELIVERANCE FROM THE ISLAND.

The captain now had no difficulty before him, but to furnish his two boats, stop the breach of one, and man them. He made his passenger captain of one, with four other men; and himself and his mate, and five more, went in the other. And they contrived their business very well, for they came up to the ship about midnight. As soon as they came within call of the ship, he made Robinson hail them, and tell them he had brought off the men and the boat; but that it was a long time before they had found them, and the like. He held them in chat till they came to the ship's side, when the captain and the mate, entering first, with their arms, immediately knocked down the second mate and the carpenter with the butt-end of their muskets; and they were faithfully seconded by their men. They secured all the rest that were upon the main and quarter decks, and began to fasten the hatches to keep those down who were below.

Meanwhile, our men of the other boat, entering by the fore chains, secured the forecastle of the ship, making three men whom they found there prisoners. When this was done, and all safe upon deck, the captain ordered the mate, with three men, to break into the round-house where the new rebel captain lay. He, having taken the alarm, got up, along with two men and a boy, all with fire-arms in their hands. When the mate with a crow-bar split open the door, the rebel captain and his men fired boldly among them, wounding the mate with a musket-ball, which broke his arm, and wounded two more of our men, but killed nobody.

The mate, calling for help, now rushed into the round-house, wounded as he was, and, with his pistol, shot the rebel captain in the head. The bullet, entering at his mouth, came out again behind one of his ears; so he never

spoke another word: upon this, the rest yielded, and the ship was taken effectually, without any more lives being lost.

As soon as the ship was thus secured, the captain ordered seven guns to be fired, which was the signal agreed upon with me, to give me notice of his success. This, you may be sure, I was glad to hear, having sat watching upon the shore for it till two o'clock in the morning.

Having heard the signal plainly, I lay down, and, being very much fatigued, fell sound asleep, till shortly I was awoke by the noise of a gun. Starting up, I heard a man call me by the name of "Governor." It was the captain's voice. There he stood; and, pointing to the ship, he clasped me in his arms. "My dear friend and deliverer," said he, "there's your ship; for she is all yours, and so are we, and all that belongs to her." I cast my eyes to the ship, and there she rode about half a mile off the shore, for they had weighed anchor as soon as they were masters of her; and, the weather being fair, had brought her to anchor against the mouth of the little creek, just at my door.

I was, at first, ready to sink down with surprise; for I saw my deliverance indeed visibly put into my hands, all things easy, and a large ship just ready to carry me away whither I pleased to go. For some time I was unable to utter one word; but, as the captain was holding me in embrace, I held fast by him, otherwise I should have fallen to the ground. He perceived my situation, and immediately pulled a bottle out of his pocket and gave me a dram of cordial, which he had brought with him on purpose for me. After I drank it, I sat down upon the ground, and it was a good while before I could speak to him.

After some time I came to myself, and then I embraced him in my turn as my deliverer, and we rejoiced together. I told him that I looked upon him as a man sent from

heaven to deliver me, and that the whole transaction seemed to be a chain of wonders; that such things as these were the testimonies we had of a secret hand of Providence governing the world, and an evidence that the eyes of an Infinite Power could search in the remotest corner of the world and send help to the miserable whenever he pleased; and I forgot not to return thanks to God for all his mercies.

Finally, having left those who chose to remain in possession of all my property — excepting a few valuables, I went on board ship, in company with my man Friday. We weighed anchor the following morning, namely, the 19th of December, 1686. I arrived in England on the 11th of June, the ensuing year, — after an absence of twenty-eight years, two months, and fourteen days.

Defoe.

Ballads.

BALLADS.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.*

THE LEGACY.†

Now ponder well, you parents dear,
  These wonders which I write;
A doleful story you shall hear,
  In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
  In Norfolk dwelt of late,
Who did in honor far surmount
  Most men of his estate.

Sore sick he was, and like to die,
  No help his life could save;
His wife by him as sick did lie,
  And both possess'd one grave.
No love between these two was lost;
  Each was to other kind;
In love they liv'd, in love they died;
  And left two babes behind:

* This ballad is supposed to have been written about the year 1600. The words are, of course, the same as in the original: the orthography, however, has been modernised, in order to make it easily comprehensible to young readers.

† *Legacy*, money or property left (bequeathed) by persons who have died.

The one a fine and pretty boy,
  Not passing three years old;
And one a girl, more young than he,
  And fram'd in beauty's mould.
The father left his little son,
  As plainly doth appear,
When he to perfect age should come,
  Three hundred pounds a year;

And to his little daughter Jane,
  Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage-day,
  Which might not be controll'd:
But if the children chance to die
  Ere they of age should come,
Their uncle should possess their wealth;
  For so the will did run.

THE DECOY.

The parents being dead and gone,
  The children home he takes,
And brings them straight into his house,
  Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
  A twelvemonth and a day,
When for their wealth he did devise
  To make them both away.

He bargain'd with two ruffians strong,
  Who were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young
  And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife an artful tale,
  He would the children send
To be brought up in fair London',
  With one that was a friend.

Away then went those pretty babes,
  Rejoicing at that tide *;
Rejoicing with a merry mind,
  They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
  As they ride on the way,
To those that should their butchers be,
  And work their lives' decay.
So that the pretty speech they held,
  Made Murderers' heart relent:
And they that undertook the deed
  Full sore did now repent.
Yet one of them, more hard of heart,
  Did vow to do his charge,
Because the wretch that hirèd him
  Had paid him very large.
The other won't agree thereto,
  So here they fall to strife;
With one another they do fight
  About the children's life:
And he that is of mildest mood,
  Does slay the other there.
Within an unfrequented wood,
  The babes did quake for fear!

THE DESERTION.

He took the children by the hand,
  Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
  And see they did not cry;
And two long miles he led them on,
  While they for food complain:
"Stay here," quoth he, "I'll bring you bread
  When I come back again."

* *Tide*, time, season or event.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
  Went wandering up and down;
But never more could see the man
  Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
  Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they saw the darksome night,
  They sat them down and cried.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
  Till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they died,
  As wanting due relief.
No burial' this pretty pair
  Of any man receives,
But Robin-red-breast piously
  Did cover them with leaves.

Percy's Reliques.

CHEVY CHASE.*

THE HUNT.

God prosper long our noble king,
  Our lives and safeties all!
A woful hunting once there did
  In Chevy Chase befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
  Earl Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn
  The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
  A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
  Three summer days to take,—

The chiefest harts in Chevy Chase
  To kill and bear away.
These tidings to Earl Douglas came,
  In Scotland, where he lay;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
  He would prevent his sport.
The English earl, not fearing this,
  Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold;
  All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
  To aim their shafts aright.

* *Chevy Chase*, Cheviot Chase, a former hunting ground on the Cheviots, and then within the Scottish boundary. Lord Percy was therefore guilty of what is known, now-a-days, as poaching, *i. e.*, invading the game-preserves of another, without leave.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
  To chase the fallow deer:
On Monday they began to hunt,
  When daylight did appear;

And long before high noon, they had
  A hundred fat bucks slain;
Then, having dined, the drovers went
  To rouse them up again.

THE MUSTER TO ARMS.

Lord Percy to the quarry* went
  To view the slaughter'd deer:
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promisèd
  This day to meet me here:

"If that I thought he would not come,
  No longer would I stay."
With that, a brave young gentleman
  Thus to the earl did say:

"Lo! yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
  His men in armor bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
  All marching in our sight,—

"All men of pleasant Tividale,—
  Fast by the river Tweed."
"Then cease your sport," Earl Percy said,
  "And take your bows with speed:

"And now with me, my countrymen,
  Your courage forth advance,—
For never was there champion yet,
  In Scotland or in France,

* *Quarry*, slaughtered game.

"That ever did on horseback come,
  But, if my hap* it were,
I durst encounter, man for man,
  With him to break a spear."†

Earl Douglas, on a milk-white steed,
  Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
  Whose‡ armor shone like gold:

"Show me," said he, "whose men you be
  That hunt so boldly here —
That, without my consent, do chase
  And kill my fallow deer."

The man that first did answer make
  Was noble Percy, he;
Who said, "We list§ not to declare,
  Nor show whose men we be:

"Yet will we spend our dearest blood
  Thy chiefest harts to slay."
Then Douglas made a solemn vow,
  And thus in rage did say:

"Ere thus I will outbravèd be,
  One of us two shall die:
I know thee well — an earl thou art:
  Lord Percy! so am I.

"But, trust me, Percy, pity 'twere,
  And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
  For they have done no ill:

* *Hap*, chance, fortune.
† *Break a spear*, engage in single (spear-) combat; fight.
‡ *Whose*, *i. e.*, and his.
§ *List*, care, mind.

"Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"A coward he," Lord Percy said,
"By whom this is denied."

Then stepp'd a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry, our king, for shame,

"That e'er my captain fought on foot
And I stood looking on;
Ye be two earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone:

"I'll do my best, that do I may,
While I have strength to stand;
While I have pow'r to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

THE FIGHT.

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first sight of arrows sent,
Full three score Scots they slew.

Yet bides Earl Douglas on the bent *,
As chieftain stout and good;
A stalwart captain all unmov'd,
The shock he firmly stood.

And throwing straight their bows away,
They grasp'd their swords so bright,
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower †,
On shields and helmets light!

* *Bides on the bent*, remains on the slope (hillside).
† *Blows, a heavy shower*, = blows rained.

They closed full fast on ev'ry side,
  No slackness was there found;
And many a gallant gentleman
  Lay gasping on the ground.

In sooth, it was a grief to see,
  And likewise for to hear
The cries of men lying in their gore,
  And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet,
  Like captains of great might;
Like lions wode*, they laid on load†,
  And made a cruel fight.

"Yield thee, Lord Percy," Douglas said;
  "In faith I will thee bring
Where thou shalt high advancèd be,
  By James our Scottish king:

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
  And thus report of thee:
Thou art the most courageous knight
  That ever I did see."

"No, Douglas," quoth Lord Percy then,
  "Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
  That ever yet was born."

DEATH AND REVENGE.

With that there came an arrow keen
  Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
  A deep and deadly blow;

* *Wode*, enraged, mad. † *Load*, blows.

Who never spoke more words than these:
"Fight on, my merry men all!
For why?—my life is at an end—
Lord Percy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land!"

A knight amongst the Scots there was
Who saw Earl Douglas die,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Percy':

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who with a spear most bright,
Well mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without or dread or fear;
And through Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

THE GRIEF.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They washed their wounds in briny tears,
But all would not avail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,
They bore with them away;
They kissed them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

Percy's Reliques.

FATHER WILLIAM.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks which are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man:
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might want them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away:
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God;
And he hath not forgotten my age!"

Southey.

JOHN GILPIN.

JOHN PROPOSES A WEDDING HOLIDAY, AND THE FAMILY GO ON BEFOREHAND.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen of credit and renown,
A train-band * captain eke † was he, of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, "Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we no holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day, and we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton, all in a chaise and pair."

The morning came, the chaise was brought, but yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed, where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog, to dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels, were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath, as if Cheapside were mad.

JOHN GILPIN FOLLOWS ON HORSEBACK.

Now see John Gilpin mounted well upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones with caution and good heed.

* *Trainband captain*, captain of militia.
† *Eke*, also.

But finding soon a smoother road beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot, which galled him in his seat.

"So, fair and softly!" John he cried; but John he cried in vain:
That trot became a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands and eke with all his might.

His horse, which never, in that sort, had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got, did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought; away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out, of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both, at last it flew away.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed, up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out "Well done!" as loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin;—who but he? his fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight!—he rides a race!—'tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near, 'twas wonderful to view
How, in a trice, the turnpike men the gates wide open threw.

THE HORSE OVERSHOOTS THE MARK.

At Edmonton his loving wife from the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much to see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house,"—they all aloud did cry,
"The dinner waits, and we are tired." Said Gilpin, "So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit inclined to tarry there:
For why? his owner had a house full ten miles off, at Ware.
So like an arrow swift, he flew, shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly: which brings me to the middle of my song.

THE HORSE STOPS AT ITS OWN STALL.

The calender, amazed to see his neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate, and thus accosted him:
"What news? what news?—Your tidings tell!—Tell me you must and shall:
Say why bare-headed you are come? or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, and loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the calender, in merry guise, he spoke:
"I come because your horse would come; and, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—they are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find his friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word, but to the house went in;
Whence straight he came with hat and wig,—a wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,—each comely in its kind.

JOHN GILPIN TRIES AGAIN.

Then, turning to his horse, John said,—"I am in haste to dine:
'Twas for your pleasure you came here; you shall go back for mine."
A luckless speech and bootless boast, for which he paid full dear;
For while he spake a braying ass did sing most loud and clear;
Whereat his horse did snort as he had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might, as he had done before.
Away went Gilpin, and away went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first:—for why?—they were too big.

MRS. GILPIN MAKES MATTERS WORSE.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw her husband posting down
Into the country far away, she pulled out half-a-crown;
And then unto the youth she said, that drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours when you bring back my husband safe and well."
The youth did ride, and soon did meet John coming back again,
Whom in a trice he tried to stop, by catching at his rein;
But not performing what he meant, and gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more, and made him faster run.
Away went Gilpin, and away went postboy at his heels;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss the lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road, thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear, they raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"—not one of them was mute,
And all and each that passed that way did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again flew open in short space,
The tollman thinking, as before, that Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too; for he got first to town,
Nor stopped till where he had got up he did again get down.

Now let us sing "long live the king," and Gilpin long live he,
And when he next doth ride abroad may I be there to see.

Cowper.

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

BURG NIEDECK is a mountain in Alsace, high and strong,
Where once a noble castle stood; the giants held it long.
Its very ruins now are lost, its site * is waste and lone,
And if you ask for giants there, they all are dead and gone.

The giant's daughter once came forth the castle-gate before,
And played with all a child's delight beside her father's door;
Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl did gladly go
To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below.

With few and easy steps she passed the mountain and the wood;
At length near Haslach, at the place where mankind dwelt, she stood;
And many a town and village fair, and many a field so green,
Before her wondering eyes appeared, a strange and curious scene.

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scene around,
She saw a peasant at her feet, bent busy at the ground:
The little creature crawled about so slowly here and there,
And, lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone bright and fair.

"Oh, pretty plaything!" cried the child, "I'll take thee home with me!"
Then with her infant hands she spread her kerchief on her knee,
And, cradling horse and man and plough all gently in her arm,
She bore them home with cautious steps, afraid to do them harm.

* *Site*, ground on which a building stands.

She hastes with joyous steps and quick, (we know what children are,)
And, spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar
"Oh, father, dearest father, such a plaything I have found,
I never saw so fair a one on our own mountain ground."

Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild,
And, smiling with a parent's smile, he asks the happy child,
"What struggling creature hast thou brought so carefully to me?
Thou leap'st for very joy, my pet: come, open, let us see!"

She opes her kerchief carefully, right gladly you may deem,
And shows her eager sire the plough, the peasant, and the team;
And when she'd placed before his sight the new-found pretty toy,
She clasped her hands, and screamed aloud, and cried for very joy.

But her father looked quite sadly down, and shaking slow his head,—
"What hast thou brought me home, my child?—This is no toy," he said.
"Go, take it quickly back again, and put it down below;
The peasant is no plaything, girl; how couldst thou think him so?

"Be off! without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he said;
"You know, without the peasant, girl, we'd none of us have bread.
'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock the race of giants are:
The peasant is no plaything, child: no! God forbid he were."

Richardson's German Ballads.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was as still as she could be;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.
Without or sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.
The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.
When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothok.
The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day;
The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
And there was a joyance in their sound.
The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
A darker speck on the ocean green;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.
He felt the cheering power of Spring,—
It made him whistle, it made him sing;
His heart was mirthful to excess;
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.
His eye was on the Inchcape float:
Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go;—
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.
Down sank the bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around;
Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."
Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away;
He scour'd the seas for many a day;
And now, grown rich with plunder'd store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.
So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.
On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark is it they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."
"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
For methinks we should be near the shore:
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."
They hear no sound—the swell is strong;
Though the wind hath fallen they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock—
"Mercy! it is the Inchcape Rock."
Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
And beat his breast in his despair—
The waves rush in on every side,
And the ship sinks down beneath the tide.

Southey.

THE MAN AND THE SNAKE.

ONCE on a time, as ÆSOP tells,
  A man, in winter's iron weather,
Found on the bare and wind-swept Fells*
  A snake, its coils frost-bound together.

He raised the creature from the ground,
  And was about to fling it by,
When lo, some spark of life he found
  Still glowing in its evil eye.

The man, whose large compassion ranged
  E'en to that reptile most unblest,
Sudden his idle purpose changed,
  And placed the serpent in his breast.

Under his kindly bosom's glow,
  Slowly the stiffened coils outdrew;
The thickening blood resumed its flow,
  The snaky instincts waked anew.

The man was glad to feel awake,
  The crawling life within his vest;
For to have harbored e'en a snake
  Is pleasure in a gen'rous breast.

Sudden he stops, with shriek and start—
  Then falls a corpse, all swollen and black!
The snake's fell tooth had pierced the heart,
  Whose warmth to life had brought it back.

Punch.

---

* *Fells*, steep, barren hills.

THE LINNET CHOIR.

A LINNET choir sang in a chestnut crown,—
  A hundred, perhaps, or more,—
Till the stream of their song ran warbling down
  And entered a cottage door;
And this was the burden of their lay,
  As they piped in the yellow tree:—
"I love my sweet little lady-bird,
  And I know that she loves me:
'Chip, chip, cherry chip, cherry, cherry, cherry chip!'
We linnets are a merry band,
A happy company."

It chanced a poet passed that way,
  With a quick and merry thought,
And, listening to the roundelay,
  His ear their language caught:
Quoth he, as he heard the minstrels sing,
  "What heavenly harmony!
I shall steal that song, and carry it home
  To my dear family—
'Chip, chip, cherry chip, cherry, cherry, cherry chip!'"
And that song they sing now every eve,
His children, wife, and he.

Capern.

THE PARROT.

The deep affections of the breast,
  That Heaven to living things imparts,
Are not exclusively possess'd
  By human hearts.

A Parrot from the Spanish main,
  Full young, and early caged, came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
  Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves, where he had won
  His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
  He bade adieu.

Instead, he watch'd the smoke of turf,
  A heathery land and misty sky,
And turn'd on rocks and raging surf
  His golden eye.

But, petted, in our climate cold
  He lived and chatted many a day;
Until, with age, from green and gold
  His wings grew grey.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
  He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
  To Mulla's shore;

He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech;
  The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapp'd round his cage with joyous screech,
  Dropt down, and died.

Campbell.

MY FRIEND IN THE WOOD.

METHOUGHT a thrush upon a tree
Sweetly sang one day to me,
"Poet, poet, hear me, hear me!"
"Hear thee," I at once replied;
"Honest fellow, aye, with pride."
And then he poured out such a tide
Of joy to cheer me.

"Happy, happy bird," said I,
"Ever would I linger by."
"Poet, poet, hear me, hear me!"
Loud and louder yet he sang,
Till the distant woodlands rang
With his wild and merry clang,
And all to cheer me.

Capern.

THE FLOWERET.

THROUGH the forest idly
  As my steps I bent,
With a free and happy heart
  Singing as I went,
Cowering in the shade,
  Did a floweret spy,
Bright as any star in heaven,
  Sweet as any eye.

Down to pluck it stooping,
  Thus to me it said:
"Wherefore pluck me, only
  To wither and to fade?"

Up with its roots I dug it,
  I bore it as it grew,
And in my garden-plot at home
  I planted it anew,
All in a still and shady place,
  Beside my home so dear;
And now it thanks me for my pains,
  And blossoms all the year.

Goethe: Martin.

THE WILD ROSE.

A BOY espied, in morning light,
  A little rosebud blooming;
'Twas so delicate and bright,
That he came to feast his sight,
  And wonder at its growing.
"Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
  Rosebud brightly blowing!
I will gather thee,"—he cried,
  "Rosebud, brightly blowing."
"Then I'll sting thee," it replied,
"And you'll quickly start aside,
  With the prickle glowing:"
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
  Rosebud brightly blowing.
But he plucked it from the plain,
  The rosebud brightly blowing:
It turn'd and stung him,—but in vain;
He regarded not the pain,
  Homewards with it going:
Rosebud, rosebud, rosebud red,
  Rosebud brightly blowing.

Goethe: Martin.

THE END.

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THIS is an entirely new series of English Reading-Lesson Books, in which the difficulty of the Exercises is graduated chiefly with reference to the mental capacity requisite to comprehend and grasp the information conveyed; and also, as far as possible, with reference to the peculiarities of grammatical construction. The object of the Series is no less to facilitate the acquisition of the art of reading than to form a pupil's taste, and to tempt him to pursue his studies *voluntarily*. Book I. will consist entirely of short simple stories, easily understood by children who have mastered the first steps in reading. Book II. contains miscellanies, tales of adventure, imaginative and real, and anecdotes in natural history, and is preliminary to Book III. Book III. comprises classified literary selections corresponding in arrangement with Book IV., to which it is introductory. In Book V., which will complete the course, the reading-exercises will be adapted to perfect and test the pupil's knowledge of the proficiency he has acquired in the other four; and it will aim at answering the practical purposes of a Class-Book of English Literature. The Second, Third, and Fourth Books are now ready. The First Book is in the press; and the Series will be completed in the course of the present year. The following prospectus explains in detail the plan and objects of this important Series.

AS the title imports, a leading feature of the *Graduated Series* will be the graduation of the difficulty of the lessons. This feature characterises, indeed, in a greater or less degree, all school reading-books which have any pretensions to the name. But the novelty of the present project is, that it seeks to carry out the idea of graduation more thoroughly, and to base it on a more philosophical foundation than existing works of the same kind have attempted to do. It has hitherto been the practice to graduate reading-lessons, almost exclusively, either according to the complexity of the grammatical constructions, or according to the difficulty of the words which occur in them. This practice has resulted from a too limited view of what the term reading should imply. A lesson cannot be said to be properly read unless it is *fully comprehended;* and it obviously by no means follows that a lesson

is easy of comprehension because it exhibits a scarcity of unusual words and constructions. A sentence which may be uttered and grammatically analysed with great facility, may present a very hard problem to the intellect. This is a consideration of the utmost consequence. In graduating the lessons of the present series, the editor has had reference, not only to their verbal and grammatical peculiarities, but also to the general calibre of mind requisite to understand and appreciate the ideas which they express. As to the subject-matter he has been guided by no arbitrary standard, but by a wish to present to juvenile readers that kind of intellectual food which experience has declared to be suitable for the various stages of growth to which the volumes separately address themselves.

Most of the present reading-lessons either consist of compendious and unadorned outlines of some of the departments of art and the branches of natural science, or they abound in abstract essays and rhetorical or poetical common-places. With reference to the former, the distinction between general information and special instruction in matters of fact, which is of a purely didactic nature, has not hitherto been steadily kept in view. It has been too often forgotten that the communication of this sort of knowledge, however useful it may be, is secondary in importance to the cultivation of a taste for reading, and to the training of the power and the habit of independent thinking and observation. But it is beginning to be recognised, that one of the most infallible ways of creating a distaste for inquiry into the construction and phenomena of the material universe, is to burden the mind with a mass of technical facts; that such facts are not necessarily wholesome food merely because they bear upon subjects which are *familiar* to every one; and that the question whether they are available in an educational point of view, must always depend on the form and style in which they are presented to the intellect, and on the relation in which they stand to antecedent knowledge. Again, the range of thought to which abstract and rhetorical extracts appeal is generally wider and deeper than a youth can compass. It is obvious that the pupil should be made to read of things which awaken his sympathy, not of things which lie beyond the sphere of his sympathy. In short, the joint elements of intelligibility and attractiveness are indispensable in every reading-lesson.

The charge of encouraging desultory and immethodical thinking is frequently and with justice preferred against the employment of books of miscellaneous extracts for educational purposes. A strenuous endeavour has been made by the editor of the *Graduated Series* to obviate this charge. He has by no means attempted to exhaust subjects systematically: but he has striven so to select and arrange, that each lesson will either prepare the way for something which follows, or throw additional light on something which goes before. In other words, he has throughout aimed at a certain continuity in the treatment of topics. Beginning with sketches, which rouse rather than gratify the appetite, he has endeavoured to lead the pupil, by gradations as imperceptible as possible, to a somewhat deliberate and special survey of the great departments of human knowledge, and to an approximate estimate of their relations and proportions.

While most of the selections have been carefully abridged, and otherwise adapted for the present series, the peculiarities of thought and expression of the originals have been retained; and, for obvious reasons, any effort to originate directions for emphasis, modulation, &c., has been considered superfluous. In this stage of advancement, such directions at once discourage individual effort on the part of the reader, and deprive the teacher of a valuable test for measuring the comparative capacities of his pupils: they are therefore diametrically opposed to the *aim and object* of reading. For a similar reason, the editor has abstained from supplying such indirect information as a competent teacher may be presumed to be acquainted with.

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